HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE MILWAUKEE TRAGEDY—DESTRUCTION OF THE NEWHALL HOUSE.—[See Page 39.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 16, contains the concluding chapter of "Florio and Florella," by MRS. W. J. HAYS; *Chapter XVII. of "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE; *Part II. of "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," by* HOWARD PYLE; *and a short story, entitled "Wrecked on an Iceberg," by* WILLIAM P. LACEY.

There is an article of exceptional interest by MRS. S. B. HERRICK, *entitled "Plants caught Napping," and under the title of "The Troublesome Burghers"* GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON *gives a thrilling account of* VAN ARTEVELDE'S *famous defense of Ghent.*

This number is made pictorially beautiful by a fine wood-engraving entitled "Jack, the Butcher's Dog," by W. M. CARY, *"Pussy's First Sleigh-Ride," a full-page drawing by* H. P. SHARE, *and a number of humorous illustrations to well-known rhymes from "Mother Goose." The articles by* MRS. HERRICK *and* HOWARD PYLE *are illustrated by a number of sketches contributed by the authors.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	Per Year	$1 50
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
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A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S SERIAL STORY.

A correspondent inquires what has become of MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S *serial story, "A Sea Queen," which was advertised to begin in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *at the commencement of the present year. The facts are these: We had made a positive engagement with* MR. RUSSELL'S *London publishers to begin the story at the time specified, simultaneously with an English journal; but, after our announcement had been published, an arrangement was made, without notice to us, for its commencement as a serial in England in November last. As we were unable at that late date to alter our own arrangements, and as the conductors of the English journal refused to postpone the publication of the story, we were compelled to relinquish it.*

THE FIRST STEP.

THE year just ended completed a half-century since the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832, in England, and a paper by Professor DICEY in the *Fortnightly Review* for January recalls the tone and the words of the opposition to that wise and timely measure. Professor DICEY'S paper may be read with great profit by the opponents of the reform bill which has just passed Congress. The Duke of Wellington, Lord ELDON, Mr. CROKER, and other Tories saw in an increase of the number of voters only a war upon property, the overthrow of the government, and the ruin of the nation. Reform was stigmatized as impracticable, visionary, and needless. The existing system was defended as a natural development, and so fitting and excellent that it could not be touched without fatal injury. The Whigs retorted that they also shared the apprehension for the fate of the country, but that the real ground of fear lay in a dogged persistence in abuses and wrongs against which the best opinion of England earnestly protested. In one of his famous speeches in support of the bill MACAULAY said that he favored it not only because it would improve English institutions, but because it tended to preserve them. The opposition to the civil service reform bill in this country has been inexpressibly feeble in comparison with that in England to the bill of 1832. There has been a great deal of silly talk about an aristocracy of office-holders, and fraud, and sham, and sentimentality, and party advantage, and personal aims. Even Mr. EATON, who went to Washington at the request of the New York Association to aid the passage of the bill by his familiarity with the bill itself and with the general subject, has been accused of lobbying a bill creating an office for his own advantage. It would be hard to find a lower depth of twaddle. Such talk is the mere mouthing of futile hostility.

The friends of reform, however, will not forget that the bill merely begins the work, and that the same spirit of hostility will dog every step of the movement. The operation of the bill will be watched, and in every detail it will be maliciously misrepresented. Every untoward event in the service will be attributed to the reform system; every defaulter and incompetent officer or employé will be cited as a pupil of the new school of reform. Whatever goes wrong will be in consequence of reform; whatever goes right, in spite of it. This is an old form of demagogism, but it need deceive no one. The bill which has passed Congress is the beginning of a system, the efficiency of which, as in all such enterprises, must depend largely upon the men to whom it is intrusted. The rules which by authority of President HAYES were adopted in the New York Custom-house and Post-office have been singularly successful in their results, because they have been administered by intelligent men who honestly believed in them, and meant to carry them out in their own spirit. This success in the two greatest offices of their kind in the country was one of the most powerful arguments for the reform bill. The practicability of the system was already established beyond cavil. The sneerers at visionary statesmanship were silenced, as Sir BOYLE ROCHE would have said, before they opened their mouths. The proposition of the bill was simply to apply to a few other offices what has been proved to be so effective in these two, and to extend the system further, only under the direction of the President. The bill, of course, neither increases nor diminishes the powers of the President which are defined in the Constitution. But it gives him the lawfully declared moral support of Congress, and it is a declaration that members of Congress, who have been the chief obstructors of reform, will no longer obstruct. The action of Congress at once disposes of the objection, which has hitherto paralyzed the progress of practical reform, that in promoting it the President was recreant to his party, and undertaking what the country did not demand.

We repeat that the new bill is but a first step toward a complete and exhaustive measure of reform. It is, as we have said, a beginning. There are, in round numbers, about 100,000 persons who may be called in a general sense officers of the government. Of these only 10,000 are subjected to the provisions of the bill. It applies, after a delay of six months for proper classification, to the clerkships in all the departments at Washington, and to custom-houses and post-offices in which fifty or more clerks are employed. There are not more than thirty such offices in the country. The operation of the bill at the outset is thus limited that the system may be easily and completely under the control and survey of the Commission, and that every advantage may be taken of the results of actual trial and experience. There must be a board of examiners for every department in Washington, and at each of the offices in the Union to which the bill at once applies. This will make a total of about thirty-five boards, which will be under the superintendence of the Commission. The initiation and the extension of the system will depend entirely upon the President. The bill simply authorizes him, with the consent of the Senate, to appoint the Commission and to remove its members at pleasure. The Commission will draft rules, which will be valid only with the President's approval. When adopted, they will be obligatory upon all officers concerned, and after the lapse of six months from the passage of the bill no officer or clerk included in the rules approved by the President can be lawfully appointed except in accordance with their provisions, until the law is repealed or the rules are changed. In a word, the bill assumes, as all such bills must assume, the good faith of those who enforce it. A President hostile to the bill could appoint a hostile Commission, which could frustrate its purpose. But they could not do this without drawing upon themselves the wrath of the country. Such hostility upon the part of President ARTHUR would be very surprising, after his frank declarations upon the subject, and no future President will be anxious to court public indignation by renouncing a reform which will have justified itself wherever it shall have been fairly tried, as it has already justified itself in the New York Post-office and Custom-house.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE question of the Presidential succession, which Mr. HOAR has brought up in the Senate, was one of those that engaged the attention of Congress soon after the inauguration of the government. It was considered in the House of Representatives in the First Congress, in January, 1791, and the first officer of the United States who was proposed as the proper successor to the President and Vice-President in case of disability was the Secretary of State. This is also the suggestion of Senator HOAR. It was at once said, however, that the vacancy contemplated would not happen once in a hundred years. Mr. BURKE, of South Carolina, indeed, said that a gentleman skilled in the doctrine of chances had informed him that the contingency would not happen more than once in eight hundred and forty years. But still it was a contingency, and besides the Secretary of State there were proposed the Chief Justice, the President of the Senate, and the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. MADISON favored the designation of the Secretary of State, and it was observed that the friends of Mr. JEFFERSON all took the same view. But the reasons of the preference were, nevertheless, wholly impersonal, and in March, 1792, the present law was passed, designating the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House for the succession, and providing for an election to fill the vacancy.

The defect of this arrangement is that the government may be left without a head. This is not a merely illusory chance, for after the death of President GARFIELD there was a long time during which the death of Vice-President ARTHUR, who succeeded to the functions of the Presidency, would have deprived the country of a Chief Executive, as there was then no Speaker of the House nor President *pro tem.* of the Senate. The Constitution prescribes that in case of inability of both the President and Vice-President Congress may declare by law the officer who shall discharge the Chief Executive functions. This is a general discretion to be exercised with just regard to the character of the office and the necessities of the situation. The guiding principle should be that the officer designated be one whose succession would assure the country that the general policy which it had approved in the election of President and Vice-President would be carried out. None of the officers who were first named for the succession, or who are suggested now, are elected by the people. The Chief Justice, the Secretaries, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House are all either appointed by the Executive or elected by a branch of the Legislature. In respect of popular election, therefore, they are all alike. But the Chief Justice is appointed by the Constitution to preside when the President is tried under impeachment. It can not be supposed, therefore, that the Constitution could have contemplated him as an alternative President. The President of the Senate would still be the Senator of a State, and as such could vote upon his own nominations. The Speaker of the House might be opposed to the views and policy of the President.

For these and similar reasons the better selection would be that of the cabinet in order, and for the reason that the President properly calls to the cabinet leading and conspicuous representatives of the views with which he is identified, and which the country by electing him has approved. This has been the rule, and if there have been exceptions, the tendency of the bill introduced by Mr. HOAR would be to diminish the exceptions, because every member of the cabinet would be a possible President. The question of the succession ought to be settled without delay, and the plan of Senator HOAR is the simplest and most reasonable that has been proposed. The bill reported by Mr. HOAR passed the Senate by a vote of 40 to 13—a very significant majority; and the question of ordering an election was settled by a provision that the acting President under the law shall immediately call a special session of Congress, if Congress be not sitting at the time of his accession to the office, and it will then be for Congress to decide whether to order an election. The law designating the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House as acting President is repealed. But the bill should be amended in the House by a definite provision as to election. The necessary excitement of the situation contemplated by the bill should not be increased by a debate upon an election.

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

WHATEVER may be the final decision of Congress in the case of General FITZ-JOHN PORTER, there is no doubt that the long debate has deeply affected public opinion, and favorably to General PORTER. To this impression his own attitude has largely contributed. In the midst of the war, twenty years ago, he was practically convicted by a military court of treason, and of the most odious form, for no crime can be more detestable than that of the general who betrays his country upon the field which he might have saved. If General PORTER was really guilty, he deserved to be ranked with BENEDICT ARNOLD. His life was spared, but the infamy of the conviction remained for him and his children and his name. But he has not submitted to the disgrace. Instead of seeking to bury it and himself in obscurity and neglect, he has steadily and boldly challenged a re-opening of the whole case, when a confirmation of the judgment would have been damning. Asserting his innocence, he has appealed to fresh evidence only accessible after the war, and invited the closest scrutiny from administrations that could not be prejudiced in his favor.

President GRANT, persuaded of his guilt, would not authorize a revision of the case. But President HAYES summoned a board of inquiry. General PORTER gladly confronted the risk of a deliberate confirmation in peace of the judgment recorded amid the hot passions of war, and after the most exhaustive and minute scrutiny by men of the purest patriotism and impartiality, the verdict was reversed, and the immense injustice to General PORTER was declared. Ex-President GRANT, carefully restudying the case, acknowledged the propriety of the decision, and nothing in his career is nobler than his frank declaration of his error, and the manly urgency with which he has sought to procure the righting of what he believes to be a great wrong. The mass of evidence in the case is enormous. Few persons have read it. Still fewer have the knowledge and experience which are essential to an authoritative opinion upon it. It will not be disputed that General GRANT is as capable a judge of the case as can be found, and his opinion and its reasons, stated briefly and strongly in a recent paper in the *North American Review*, have naturally and properly greatly impressed the country.

General LOGAN, with unquestionable sincerity and skill, has presented in the Senate the counter-argument. But in the midst of the conflict of testimony

and assertion much that is emphasized as conclusive of guilt is to many minds really conclusive of innocence, and it is certain that any one who reads the evidence and the arguments must be amazed at the stigma which has been cast upon General PORTER. That there was a McCLELLAN or West Point "ring" in the army is very probable, and that General PORTER and many other officers may have had and may have even expressed an unfavorable opinion of General POPE is quite possible. But this is very far from a deliberate disobedience and neglect upon the field which was the betrayal of the country, and the personal dishonor and degradation of the treacherous officer. It is disgraceful that the question of justice to General PORTER should occasion any form of party contest, and restoration to rank and pay is a consideration entirely subordinate to the correction of an immense injustice. The question for Congress is simple. Was FITZ-JOHN PORTER unjustly convicted? If he was, the disgrace of twenty years, the prime of his life, can never be made up to him, and what restoration is still possible an honest and just people will not begrudge.

A THRIFTY ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

WE called attention last summer to the singular circumstances of an advertisement announcing the connection of Mr. FRANK HATTON, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, with a Western newspaper for which postmasters were requested to act as agents. This advertisement was printed in the official *Postal Guide*, and whatever its intention, it had presumably the effect of persuading postmasters whose terms were about expiring that the chances of reappointment would not be diminished by zeal in procuring subscriptions for the paper in which the First Assistant Postmaster-General was interested.

Another incident of the same kind has just been reported. Every Republican member of Congress recently found upon his desk a package of lithographed letters, with a request from First Assistant Postmaster-General HATTON that the members would sign them and return them to him. These letters were addressed to the postmasters in the districts of the various members, requesting them to secure subscriptions to a Washington newspaper which has recently passed under the control of First Assistant Postmaster-General HATTON. The letters, which were provided with the heading of the House of Representatives, would thus have appeared to be a spontaneous request from the member of Congress to the local postmaster, whom he practically appoints, to tout for the newspaper of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, who could remove him. This is at least a thrifty proceeding. But if the facts are as reported from Washington, including a copy of the letter, it is a proceeding into which the President might well inquire.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

THE conduct of Mayor EDSON has already justified the Citizens' movement of last autumn. His first serious duty was the nomination of several important officers, and his discharge of that duty has been universally censured. Every leading journal in the city, of every shade of politics, on the morning that the nominations were announced, united in condemning the Mayor's action. One of the journals which supported his election most strenuously said that he had been tried and failed, and that he had committed political suicide before his term was a fortnight old.

The journals agreed in the view that the Mayor had shown himself to be the mere agent of those who bargained for his nomination. But this was urged last autumn as the reason for not supporting a nomination so made. When a wholly inexperienced man like Mr. EDSON accepts a nomination to the Mayoralty of New York under the present charter, a nomination which is the result of a trade between notorious political managers, it may be safely assumed that he will become their passive instrument unless his character and ambition are such as to lead him to invite a stormy conflict by defying them and aiming at an independent administration for the public benefit.

This was what Mr. CAMPBELL would certainly have aimed at, and it was precisely what there was no reason to suppose that Mr. EDSON would undertake. He may have disappointed those who voted for him, but he has not disappointed those who, for no personal reasons, opposed his election. Mr. CAMPBELL had proved his ability, his courage, and his independence in the management of municipal affairs, and the circumstances of his nomination pledged him to the course that he preferred and that his supporters desired. The lesson will not be lost. A radically reforming pope is almost as impossible as a truly independent mayor nominated by the bargain of political factions. If the government of the city is ever to become what the best citizens of all parties wish it to be, the best citizens of all parties must unite in electing it.

NAVAL OFFICER BURT.

THE Philadelphia *Press* suggests that Naval Officer BURT of this port would be a singularly efficient member of the Civil Service Commission contemplated by the reform bill. Of that there can be no question. Mr. BURT is one of the most sincere, intelligent, and able friends of the reformed system. The success of that system at the Custom-house has been one of the most powerful arguments for the PENDLETON bill, and that success is largely due to Mr. BURT. He has been most efficiently aided by the Board of Examiners, but his clear comprehension of the subject was of the greatest service in establishing the system. Undoubtedly his knowledge of the practical details of the public service and his long experience would make his services upon the Commission of very great value.

But they would be of as much if not of higher value in the position that he holds. It is in a few great offices, of which the New York Custom-house is the chief, that the system is to be first applied, and it is indispensable that it should be intrusted at the outset to officers in the service who have both the convictions and the practical knowledge and efficiency of Mr. BURT. It is from the skepticism, indifference, and secret hostility of persons in office that the new system will have most to fear, and the more friends it has in the service, the more honestly and satisfactorily it will be enforced.

It would be very much easier to select a fitting member of the Commission than to replace Mr. BURT as Naval Officer; and if he should be replaced by any merely political or factional successor, his nomination for the Commission would be less an earnest of the good faith of the Executive than the appointment of such a successor would be evidence of unchanged attachment to the old system.

WILLIAM A. SEAVER.

MR. WILLIAM A. SEAVER, one of our associates in the WEEKLY, died very suddenly a few days since of pneumonia. He was a singularly genial companion, and the friend of many distinguished persons, who highly valued his social talent and sympathy. In other days he had been the editor of a daily paper, and had taken his part in political contests. But of late years he had cultivated altogether the interests and relations which unite instead of alienating, and when discussion became warm, his tongue was silent. Mr. SEAVER was a man of pleasant literary tastes, which he indulged with the aid of an excellent library, and by correspondence with noted authors. He was a man of ready humor, observant and affable, and his sudden death will be sincerely regretted.

EX-SENATOR MORRILL.

LOT M. MORRILL, whose name was very familiar as that of a late Senator from Maine, has just died at the age of seventy. Mr. MORRILL had been nearly thirty years in public life as a member of the State Legislature, as Governor, as Senator, as Secretary of the Treasury, and finally as Collector of Portland. He was formerly a Democrat, but he left the Democratic party because of its pro-slavery tendencies, and he has been a steadfast Republican ever since. During the war Mr. MORRILL well represented the sturdy patriotism of his State, and his views of reconstruction and of finance were those of the soundest Republicanism. His native shrewdness and his business talent made him a most serviceable member of the Senate, and his name belongs to that group of Maine men eminent during the stormy years of twenty years ago, and which includes FESSENDEN, WASHBURN, HAMLIN, and BLAINE.

A DANGEROUS ABYSS.

ON the 8th of January a feast in commemoration of General JACKSON took place in Boston, at which the Democratic politicians present nominated General BUTLER for the Presidency. As a serious spectacle nothing could well be droller than that of ex-Governor SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, announcing that the country is drifting toward a dangerous abyss, and that General BUTLER is the best man of all to bring it into a safe haven. Mr. JONAS FRENCH, who seems to be a kind of prophet of BUTLER, so to speak, declared, with the cheap clap-trap which is so familiar upon such occasions, that "General JACKSON never forgot what he owed to the people, and that General BUTLER never will." Did General WASHINGTON ever forget what he owed to the people? Certainly the people will never forget what they owe to General WASHINGTON. Nor, indeed, will they forget what they owed to General BUTLER at New Orleans. But it will hardly help him to obtain the votes that he especially desires.

The General himself glorified JACKSON, and said that he adopted his maxim, not, indeed, that to the victor belong the spoils, but that the government belonged to its friends. But who and where is the extraordinary person who says that it belongs to its enemies? General BUTLER has not the pluck of Senator MARCY. That gentleman did not wince in justifying the maxim of the New York politicians that to the victors belong the spoils of their enemy. As this is what General BUTLER means, it is a pity that he did not have the courage to say it.

The only reason recorded in the reports of the speeches that was offered for the nomination of General BUTLER to the Presidency is that suggested by ex-Governor SPRAGUE, that we are drifting toward a dangerous abyss. That would indeed be the conviction of many others besides ex-Governor SPRAGUE if it were supposed that the country were drifting toward the Presidency of General BUTLER.

PERSONAL.

THE most notable piece of furniture in General GRANT's house, No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, is a carved oaken cabinet in the library on the first floor, which contains a variety of presents received by the illustrious soldier during the last twenty years. One of its shelves is laden with gold-headed canes, suitably inscribed; another, with little caskets inclosing the freedom of several European cities; a third, with curious meerschaum pipes and other knickknacks. So liable has the General been to give to a guest some souvenir from his collection that Mrs. GRANT recently locked the cabinet and hid the key.

—The London *Athenæum* believes that of all the thinkers who have appeared in America, the late HENRY JAMES "may perhaps be described as the most mystical," and that "the impersonality which he worshipped gradually gained expression in his face and manner, not, indeed, without adding a certain charm."

—Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, being about to edit a new biographical dictionary, has been asked whether anything in the way of "literary style" is to be admitted into the work. He replies: "If style means superfluous ornament, I say, emphatically, No. But style, and even high literary ability, is required for lucid and condensed narrative, and of such style I shall be anxious to get as much as I can."

—The Chinese Minister at Washington is said to own silk and satin clothes worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

—Governor BENJAMIN F. BUTLER's wearing of a full-dress suit at noonday on the occasion of his inauguration is warmly defended by a Massachusetts editor, who declares that the General "followed the custom of his predecessors in being inaugurated in a swallow-tail," and that "full dress is the proper apparel for all high public occasions and duties"—for instance, DANIEL WEBSTER "always appeared in the Senate of the United States" so arrayed, and it is still customary for "lawyers of the old school" to argue before the Massachusetts Supreme Court in full dress.

—In his recently published *Autobiography*, the late Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON expresses with much freedom his opinions concerning some of the persons he had met. He dislikes Dr. CHALMERS for his republican sentiments, Lord BYRON for his wretched conceit, the historian HALLAM for his superfluity of conversation, Lord HOUGHTON for his post-prandial rhetoric, the Duke of Argyll for his self-confidence. MACAULAY seems to have bored him, and GLADSTONE was a "most dangerous person to be intrusted with practical topics." DICKENS made a fatal mistake in painting the manners and foibles of middle and low life. "We are unhappily too familiar with them; if you wish to see them, you have only to go into the second-class of a railway train, or the cabin of a steamboat." Sir ARCHIBALD, who prides himself in having moved in "respectably descended" society, laments the lack of female beauty in "elevated circles." When about forty he was earning ten thousand dollars a year as sheriff of Lanarkshire and man of letters. He died at seventy-five, with a poor opinion of the critics.

—Justice SAMUEL F. MILLER wrote to the Illinois State Bar Association: "It is to the State Bar Associations we must look for such control over the social relations and professional intercourse of the members of the bar as their increasing numbers render necessary; for only by the united sense of the profession, as expressed by these societies, can any practical restraint be exercised over the black sheep that get into our flock, as into all others."

—Count CAVOUR's letters are being collected and published in Italy in three volumes. In several of them the statesman expresses his admiration for Sir ROBERT PEEL, upon whose character he endeavored to form his own. Many of them are written to ladies, and are said to present the Count in a "very charming aspect."

—Professor TYNDALL is lecturing at the Royal Institution, London, on "Light and the Eye."

—The artists and special correspondents of the late war in Egypt have been feasted by the Savage Club of London.

—A country ball and a children's dance were given by Lady BRASSEY during the holidays, previous to her departure from England for a cruise in her yacht, the *Sunbeam*, in the Mediterranean.

—Lord ROSEBERY has been exciting the admiration of Scotchmen in the neighborhood of Edinburgh by "driving in a very smart sleigh"—to quote from an English journal.

—Some persons who live near Tintern Abbey are angry because the Midland Railway Company proposes to build a new line through the "steep woods and lofty cliffs and green pastoral landscape," which WORDSWORTH has immortalized. They demand to know whether such scenery is to be "polluted by cuttings and sidings."

—If Mr. GLADSTONE, says one of his countrymen, is willing to accept some titular recognition of his public services, it may be predicted with confidence that it will be in the nature of what may be called a vicarious peerage, and that it is upon the head of Mrs. GLADSTONE or some other member of her family that the coronet will fall.

—Mrs. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of New York city, who has already provided one thousand waifs of this metropolis with homes in the West, sent thither a hundred more on New-Year's Day.

—The late GODLOVE S. ORTH left all his property to his second wife, with the following explanation to his children by both wives: "I desire all my dear children to know and feel that this disposition of my estate is, in my judgment, the best under all the circumstances surrounding it, knowing that they will find my said wife as much disposed to love and care for them, and to deal justly by them, as I have always felt and acted toward them myself."

—The third and concluding volume of the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, by his son, is pronounced by a foreign reviewer to be not exactly what the bishop's truest friends and admirers could have wished it to be; for, "instead of depicting this eminent man as gradually travelling down the decline of life, leaving behind him in his course all the passions and ambitions which had vexed its meridian, and setting an example to the world of the philosophic mind and charitable temper which befit the old age of a great Christian prelate, we find, we are sorry to say, a record of personal malignity and petty scandal which it is grievous to peruse, however enlivened with witty repartees or humorous anecdotes."

—At a recent meeting of the New York Associated Press the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, GEORGE JONES, of the *Times;* Secretary, WHITELAW REID, of the *Tribune;* Executive Committee, WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT, of the *World*, CYRUS W. FIELD, of the *Mail-Express*, and DAVID M. STONE, of the *Journal of Commerce*. Mr. JONES received the vote of every member of the Association except his own.

—We congratulate the conductors of our literary contemporary *The Critic* on the well-deserved popular success which enables them to present that journal hereafter once a week instead of semi-monthly. The change is made at the beginning of the third volume.

—LOUIS BLANC's wife was ignorant of French, imperfectly acquainted with her own language, the German, and incurably consumptive, and he was more than fifty when he married her. But he prided himself on her beauty, and spoke of her as resembling the Empress JOSEPHINE. She was the daughter of his landlord during his residence in London, and won his affection because, while dusting his room, she respected his papers, and allowed his table to remain in all the litter that he loved.

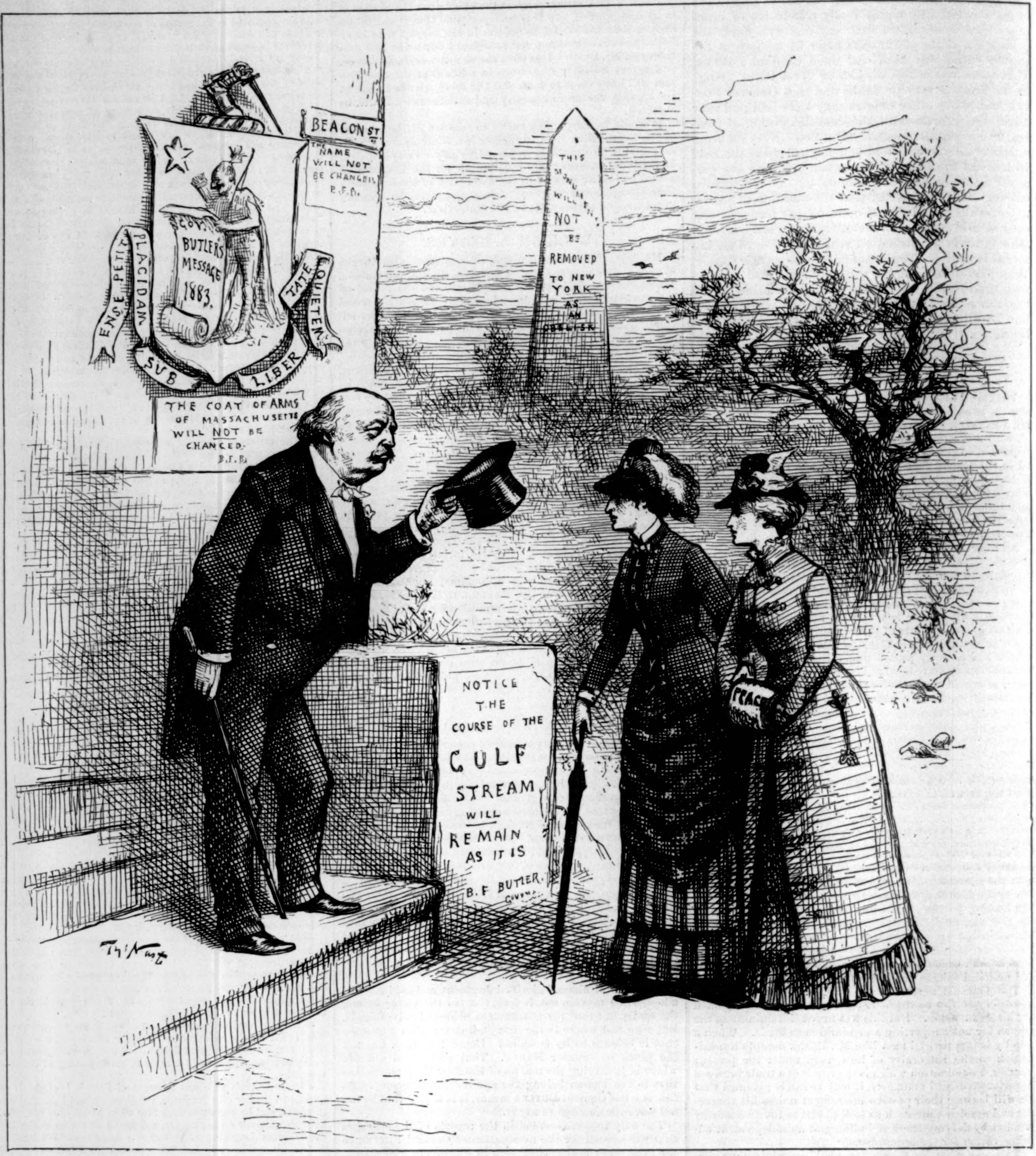
—The youngest of OFFENBACH's three daughters was recently married in the Church of the Trinity, Paris. There was much music, vocal and instrumental, and a great crowd. The bride's name is PEPITA, and the husband is the commander of a French merchantman.

—Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY, who is spending the winter in Florida, expects, in the new house now erecting in this city for his father, his sister, and himself, to embody for the first time his complete ideas on the subject of artistic decoration.

—Among the latest bills paid by a well-known club in New York was one "for mending the leg of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT." A statue of that gentleman had met with an accident.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT is still issuing cards of invitation to visit his picture-gallery on Thursdays. In addition to the one hundred and twenty-three oil-paintings mentioned in his printed catalogue, he has recently come into the possession of some fine water-colors, notably two superb examples of VILLEGAS. Most of the pictures are hung against a background of tapestry of a dull reddish tone, above a wainscoting of ebonized oak and cherry.

—A remarkable octogenarian is Professor ALPHEUS S. PACKARD, of Bowdoin College, who, after receiving the congratulations of the Massachusetts Historical Society on his eighty-fourth birthday, said: "In ordinary health age steals upon us velvet-footed. The celebrated Dr. CHALMERS, of Scotland, when beyond sixty declared that he often felt like a boy. A relative of mine at eighty-four told me that when in his chair he felt as young as at twenty-five. My father at the age of eighty-seven left unfinished a letter to Mr. STEPHEN LONGFELLOW in as steady a hand and as consecutive in thought as any written in earlier life. On my eightieth birthday it was hinted that I might have callers. I accordingly donned my best array, and as I stood to receive I will say frankly that I felt as if I was acting a farce, and my friends were pleased to join in carrying out an illusion and a pretense. There are compensations for those in advanced years: they have the privilege of thinking that former times were better than the present."



LIBERTY AND PEACE STILL EXIST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE NEW GOVERNOR. "I am your most obedient servant."

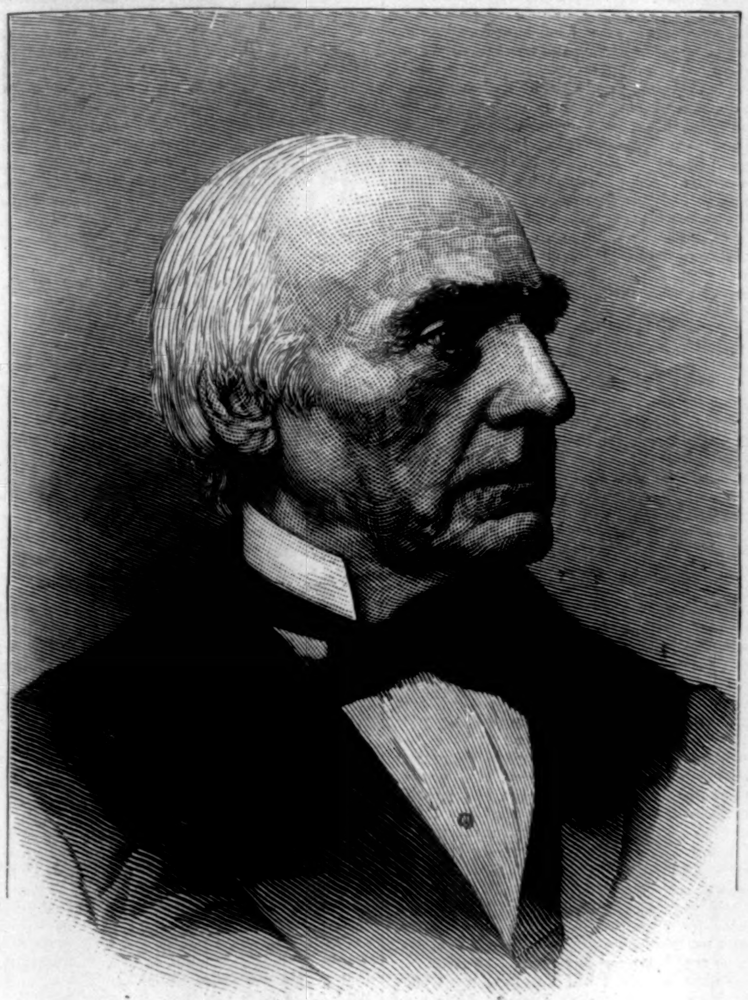
RABBITS AND HARES.

A CERTAIN distinguished lawyer of New York, some two years since, happened while abroad to visit the country house of an Englishman of title. He, knowing that our traveller was a sportsman, took uncommon pains to show him over his preserves, which were extensive and well stocked. After exhibiting his pheasants, old and young—the latter hatched and hovered by barn-yard fowl—he showed him how rabbit-shooting in England is conducted. He supplied our friend with a gun. Together they proceeded to a large field thickly covered with ferns. This field was on the edge of a wood, near which was a rabbit-warren. The Englishman explained that the ferns were grown exclusively as a covert for rabbits. Later on, when the shooting season opened, parallel roads were cut through the fern, in which the sportsmen took their stations, while beaters drove out the game. As the rabbits bounded across these open spaces they were shot at. The Englishman remarked in parenthesis that it was a by no means easy thing to make successful shots; as a proof, he led our friend to the edge of the ferns nearest the wood, while he stirred up the rabbits. These came lumbering out of the ferns in large numbers. As they flashed across the open, the American, although a good shot, made a number of very flagrant misses. The Englishman, who was critically watching his performances, on the occasion of every miss shouted to him, in a high, shrill voice, "Sharp little beggars, aren't they?"

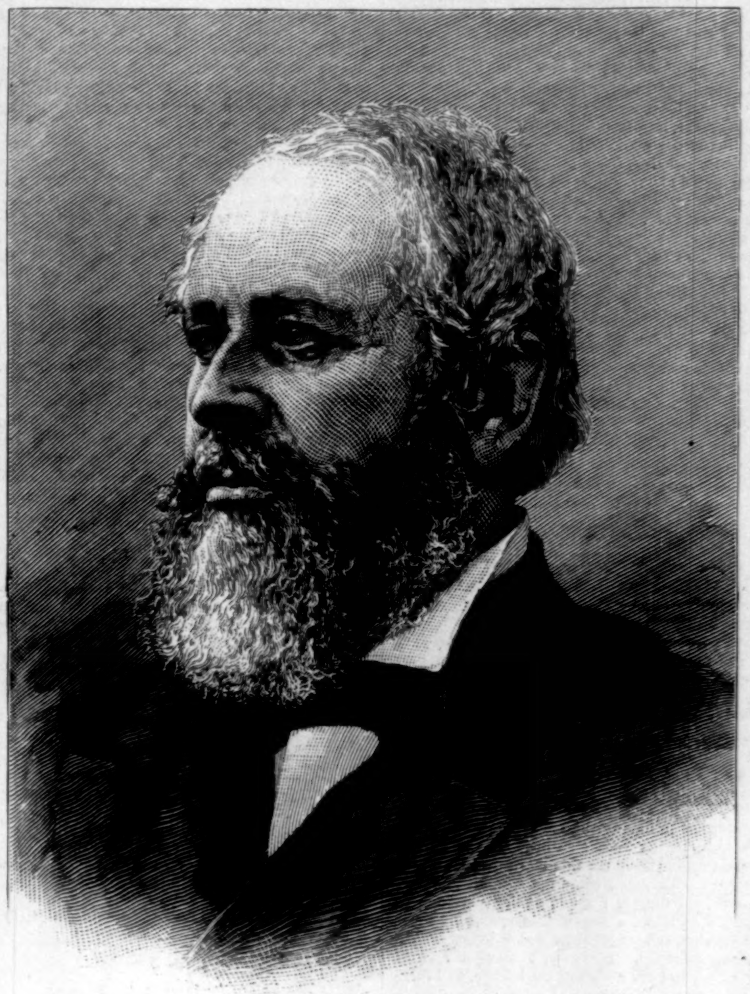
In this country we know nothing of these "sharp little beggars." We have no wild rabbits. The animal which goes by that name with us is, in fact, a hare. The English rabbit is a burrowing and gregarious creature. Its young are born blind, and destitute of hair. Our rabbit, or rather hare, never burrows; he is solitary in his habits; he is born with his eyes open, and body covered with fur. The English rabbit, when disturbed, makes directly for his burrow or warren, while ours seeks refuge in a tuft of grass or under the underbrush of the woods; when started from his form, he travels in a circle of greater or lesser radius, always returning to the original point of departure.

Our rabbit is usually found in pine woods and in thickets on rocky hill-sides. Its diet consists of leaves, berries, and wild grapes. As an article of food the rabbit is very much underestimated. Among country people a superstition exists that it is not fit to be eaten until after a frost. In point of fact, when properly cooked, and served with a rich brown sauce, no flesh is more delicate and succulent. The white meat found on the back has the juiciness of a well-fed fowl, while the darker meat has a gaminess of flavor not inferior to that of the partridge. Yet how seldom does one meet with wild rabbit on the dinner table! This is possibly owing to the skill required to prepare it. There is no higher test of a cook's capacity than the power to serve a *salmis* of wild rabbit so that it shall not be full of feline suggestiveness.

The rabbit or hare found in Canada and our Middle and Eastern States is a pigmy compared with the species met with on the plains and western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. There is found the mule or jackass rabbit, a true hare, with ears six inches in length, and weighing from seven to eleven pounds. It possesses great speed and powers of endurance. The only coursing club formed to hunt these animals with greyhounds in this country is in California. This furnishes a valuable suggestion to the members of the various fox-hunts which have within late years been established, in imitation of the English, in various portions of the United States. It is the fashion with these to run an aniseed drag over selected country; within a hundred yards or so of the finish an apology for a fox is turned loose. This creature is frequently so bewildered and exhausted by long confinement that he barely has time to make a few feeble leaps before he is torn in pieces by the hounds. Now if these huntsmen will dispose of their dogs, and import an equal number of couples of English harriers, and bring from the West healthy specimens of the jackass rabbit, they will have cut out for themselves a form of hunting which will either make the sport something worth indulging in or entirely suppress it. These jackass rabbits can probably be procured in any number. Confine them any length of time, on their release they will exhibit a vigor and go which will be a surprise both to the huntsmen and the hounds. The level plains of Long Island are particularly fitted for this purpose. The only drawback there is the use of the barbed wire fence—an ugly thing to put a horse at. Those, however, who hunt for the pleasure of the thing, and not to be in with a temporary fashion, will not mind this. These "hunts," if they wish to save themselves from ridicule, should look into the subject of utilizing the mule rabbit. There could be no finer sport than to course this animal over the breezy plains of Long Island with greyhounds, or follow him along the wooded slopes with a pack of harriers. This is no new thing in this country. It is done, and well done, in California, and by our army officers at distant Western posts. To successfully accomplish it here, however, over the miscellaneous fences with which our landscape is covered, would demand the best of horseflesh and cool, accomplished horsemen. Barring the



THE HON. LOT M. MORRILL.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CONANT, PORTLAND, MAINE.—[SEE PAGE 39.]



WILLIAM A. SEAVER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

wire fences, there is no reason why it should not be attempted. The rabbits indigenous to our locality would not be at all suited to this purpose. They lack speed and endurance. Moreover, they run in a small circle, and confine themselves almost entirely during the daytime to the thick cover of the woods.

Rabbit-shooting is essentially a winter sport. After a light fall of snow one is surprised at the vast activity shown by one of these animals, as seen in the multitude of tracks which dot the surface in every direction. To follow those which lead to the pile of brush under which the rabbit has his home requires a good deal of experience. It is but rarely that two are found occupying the same "form." Indeed, if a wild rabbit is caught alive and put into a box, and a second be placed with him after the lapse of a day or two, they will in a few moments tear each other in pieces.

To have in these days rabbit-shooting in any profusion one must go to the West. Formerly Long Island was one of the most noted localities in this country for these animals. They would be found there to-day in considerable numbers were it not that every lad during the winter season devotes his leisure moments to setting snares for them. The few which are left conceal themselves in the desolate wilds covered with scrub oaks and underbrush.

Everything original and bizarre which we have in this country, whether of wit, or of quaint disclosures of domestic life, or of strange and fantastic deviations in the animal world, comes to us from the West. The hare and rabbit form no exception to this rule. East of the Mississippi River we are content with one variety of this animal; west of that point we are confronted with half a dozen sorts of the same, the most startling member of the group being captured by Dr. HAYDEN in the Wind River Mountains. This was a small rabbit, of which he secured only a few specimens. These revealed the fact that the males suckle the young. This was satisfactorily demonstrated by careful observations and dissections. It is possible that in the ages to come, in the process of evolution, the male of the human species, at least in that section of country, may develop the same habit. When this comes to pass, the most exacting mother-in-law will cease

RABBIT-SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY GASTON FAY.

her reproaches, and rest content. Such an occurrence would crown the edifice of Western wonders. To the humorous paragraphists of that period there will be opened a field compared to which ours is a dismal and barren waste. This is only one of many specimens of the hare or rabbit kind found in the wonderful West. Besides the mule rabbit already spoken of, there is the prairie hare, hardly inferior in size. We often see him in our markets in the winter season; he is distinguishable from being entirely white—a marking he always takes on on the approach of cold. Then we have the California hare, another of the largest kind. The "cotton-tail" is more akin in size and color to the one common to our section of the country. The sage rabbit is peculiar to the plains of the West on which the bush of that name flourishes. As an article of food, save to a starving man, he is valueless. The above are not all found in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. After Professor HAYDEN's revelations we may be prepared for developments in the rabbit way far more startling than were "the sharp little beggars" to our friend the lawyer.

GASTON FAY.

FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

Leonis Renzo to the R. P. Vicario, etc., etc.:

"I have something to tell you, which excites and oppresses me, yet when you hear it you may think it is nothing. I must premise this by saying that miladi, when she left, gave me the keys of the library, and free permission to look over and employ as I chose all the works on art, and all the old engravings and drawings, of which there are many. The family has not been a studious one as a rule, but it appears that the late Earl, the uncle Alured to whom she succeeded, was a collector, a *dilettante*, a *virtuoso* (the terms are not entirely synonymous), and almost all these collections that concern art were made by him. I demurred to having the keys of these cabinets left with me, but miladi so insisted, and seemed so bent upon giving me this mark of her trust in my good faith, that I could not without churlishness refuse, though I would willingly have been without so great a responsibility, and I believe Mr. Landon, the magnificent major-domo, was extremely offended. However, I thought I could not reject so kind a sign of confidence, and there is an amount of congenial work to be done in this room on those rainy days of which there are so many! The drawings (really valuable old masters) are all in confusion both as to dates and manners, the miniatures and medals are similarly pell-mell, and a fine collection of old proof engravings, chiefly Italian, are in as much disorder as though they were mere cuttings from illustrated newspapers. I lock up the library when I am not at work there, which makes the dignified Mr. Landon regard me as his mortal foe. Now amongst all this chaos, of which almost every component part has a distinct artistic value, there are sketches by the late Earl Alured, who died some thirty years ago or more. They are sketches of considerable power and spirit: if he had not been a great gentleman, he might very likely have been a famous painter. Amongst these sketches, which are chiefly of figures and faces, there is one in red crayon of a Roman girl, and this girl has the features that I so well remember as those of my mother. There is nothing written under it; but in another portfolio I found three other drawings, all of the same face, and one, a full-length figure bearing on her head a water jar. You will say this may be the merest coincidence and accident of resemblance, the national type—no more. It may be so. On the other hand, is it impossible that this man was her lover? Will you, my best friend, be so infinitely good as to write me word, any details that you can remember or collect of her? Was the nationality of my father ever known? Pray reply to me fully, and at once."

Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest:

"I reply instantly, my dear son, to your letter, which Ammara brings me from Subiaco this afternoon. But I know no more than I have already and repeatedly told you: that your mother was known all her life to the people of these hills; that she was the daughter of Evaristo Renzo, the *buttero;* that a foreigner was about here some weeks who was supposed to be an artist; that Nerina Renzo went away with him, and was absent for a year, in which year Renzo the *buttero* was killed by a bull he was lassoing; that on her return she said no word of where she had been; inherited just enough to live on from Renzo the *buttero*, and in a few months' time gave birth to a son—yourself—whom I myself baptized and registered under the names of Leonis Renzo. I gave you Leonis as the name to which my little church here is dedicated, and Renzo as that of your grandfather. Your mother lived till you were seven years old, and when she died she was only twenty-five years of age. She never, in the confessional or out of it, told me a syllable as to her history during the year she had been absent, or as to the name, country, or rank of the man who begot you. Though she was a most lovely creature in person, and quite sane in many ways, I never believed that she was quite in possession of her mental faculties after your birth. Some great grief which she had had, and the shock of hearing of her father's death, which was told her abruptly and with all its horrible details by a shepherd whom she met on her way here, had, I think, unhinged her mind without destroying it. However this might be, it was impossible to extract a word from her as to your parentage. I have always concluded that she was deserted in some capricious and sudden manner by her lover, who very possibly might not even know that she was *gravida.* It is not improbable that he was a noble. The few people here who remember him all say he was *un' vero signore.* But they would say that of any one who spent a little money. This is all that I know, my beloved son, who has been truly a son of the spirit to me. If I knew more, under the seal of the confessional, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; but your mother either never wholly trusted me, or loved her seducer too well to speak of him. She erred in that; but it is my belief, as I have said, that her mind was always clouded after her return. She adored you, and perhaps would have left some truth for you to hear, if she had lived till you were older, or if she had had any foreboding of her early and sudden death from heart-disease. It is strange that you should have found any picture which is like her in that English house so far away. But you will forgive me if I suggest, my beloved Leonis, that the childish memory even of a mother's face can not be entirely trusted, and the purely classic type of face which she had, and which you have, is by no means rare in our country, especially in remote places where the blood has been kept pure and unchanged since the days of Æneas."

The Lady Charterys, Acornby, Salop, to Mr. Hollys, Rome (telegraphs):

"The D. of K. has arrived here, so I go to the Adrian Vansittarts to-morrow. What good do you suppose can come of this intolerable annoyance? Make him understand that no one can bully me into anything. I shall have a big party at Milton for pheasants. Come."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Acornby, Salop:

"All I shall see of pheasants will be quails: I reply *more hibernico.* Do you mean you are going back next month? I thought you never *could* be at Milton in autumn because it was so damp."

The Lady Charterys, Redleaf, Devon, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"It is damp in a damp autumn. This is a dry one. I shall soon be home."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Redleaf, Devon:

"Perversity, thy name is woman."

The Lady Charterys to Mr. Hollys:

"Not an original remark. Was it worth paying a post-card to say *that?* Why I should not invite my own friends to my own house to slay my own pheasants is, I confess, wholly beyond my own comprehension. Perhaps you will explain a little?"

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Lifford, Hants:

"In my trade we never explain. A discreet roundabout is all we venture on; I have given a hint, I dare no more."

The Lady Charterys, Lifford, Hants, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"Hints and innuendoes are first cousins. Neither are remarkable for courage; and I confess I am never disposed to be at the trouble to take their masks off. If you like to come to Milton, do; I shall be most happy to see you. If you don't, stay, and eat your quails rolled up in vine leaves, and spare me moral saws and stale apophthegms, and inappropriate counsels that don't dare show their faces."

Mr. Hollys to the Lady Charterys, Montolieu Abbey, near Winchester:

"You are unkind, and are you quite grateful? The ball-room would never have been painted if it hadn't been for me. You would have had a *fournisseur*, and you *wouldn't* have discovered a 'dry autumn.' By-the-bye, the Meteorological Report states the rain-fall in England this September to average eight inches!"

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, etc., etc.:

"She has returned, bringing a great number of gay and great personages with her; she is very sweet and thoughtful in her manner to me, but it seems to me as if I were millions of leagues farther off from her, since the possibility which haunts me that I may be the bastard of her uncle: it overwhelms me with shame. There are coming here some English princes, and the ballroom and all my outlined frescoes are being covered temporarily with primrose-hued satin, so that I am driven from my labors; and she has proposed to me that I shall take her portrait, and send it to the Salon or the Academy next week. I can not refuse. So every morning she gives me a sitting in the library, of which she allows me to make a temporary studio; she would not take back the keys of it. I admit that it is a trying thing to me to do, with this suspicion upon me, which is indeed to my mind almost a certainty, that the Earl Alured, to whom she succeeded, was the faithless lover of my mother. I have ventured to speak of him to her when we have been alone in these sittings, but she knows very little about him. She was not born when he died suddenly, being thrown from his horse; she has always been told he was an eccentric, wayward, capricious man: she said, with a little laugh, that capriciousness was in the blood of the family. The Lady Cairnwrath has returned with her; and, alas! conceives it her duty to be almost always present in the library during the time that I am painting this portrait; they regard me as a wild beast, seeking to devour this lamb with the golden fleece! The portrait will be beautiful and grand; I have dealt with it in the Venetian way: she wears a wonderful dress of dead-gold brocade, with scarlet touches in it here and there, and holds a large fan, black and gold, and is just looking over her shoulder with a little smile; her great Leonsburg dog Berwick is beside her; he is gray, and tones down the intense mass of gold and scarlet. But the face! there is the miracle and glory of it. She is much more beautiful than I first thought her, and her expression is changed—deepened and softened both. This week the sittings are interrupted by the English Prince and Princess. The house is all *sotto sopra* on account of them. Stupendous efforts are made for their entertainment, and the English Prince, with seven other gentlemen, slew fifteen hundred pheasants in a day, which is considered admirable. I am always glad to think that I never in my life slew anything. I have seen many other better ways of proving one's address, if one needs to do so. There was a grand ball last night, in the room that I am temporarily turned out of; I keep away from it all, of course. I even proposed to her to go away out of the house during the time, but she would not hear of it; and the other afternoon she showed the Prince and Princess what I have done of her portrait, and sent for me and presented me to them both, and they said gracious things, which I am conscious were not overstrained, for I know my force in my own art. One of the gentlemen of the suite told me later that the Princess would command me to paint her portrait. I answered him, perhaps wrongly, that I was no portrait painter. Miladi scolded me very prettily for being *bourru* and proud at the wrong moment. 'When they are delighted with you, what is there to offend you, even if they are princes?' So she remonstrated, and had reason in her remonstrance, and perhaps I was thankless; I suppose it is these people who represent the goddess Fortune nowadays. The royal guests remained here but three days, during which, I am told, they were well pleased. They sent for me again before their departure, and again expressed themselves with much grace and kindness. The greater part of the other guests also went away; to-day and to-morrow she will sit to me again. I fear that the civility toward me of the royal persons did not gratify my formidable enemy the Lady Cairnwrath. But what does it all matter! Soon they will leave me alone again. The long winter will pass, and the spring will probably find the ball-room and the portrait alike finished, and then I too shall go away, and she will not hear, see, or remember me any more. There is one thing quite certain, I will not take her money for either of the works. Perhaps fame may come to me through her; and for that I shall be grateful. Yet I do not care for fame of any kind; I care only for art. I should be glad to have moderate wealth, enough to spend my life as I like, after my own manner, and in the pursuit of my own dreams. I must seem to prose to you intolerably, but it is a relief to me, for there is no one here in whom I can confide my thoughts. To miladi I dare not; to the others I could not; and you have been my confessor since the hour of my first sin!...."

Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest, Berks, to Hon. H. Hollys, British Embassy, Rome:

"DEAR HOLLYS,—It was no use. She *would* come back, and she asked a whole tribe of people, and then to top it the P. and P. suddenly fixed their arrival for the end of the month, so there was no more to be said, and all my ingenuity in having succeeded in persuading Esmée into these visits was bootless. She made the painter begin her portrait, and whatever else she means, she's getting plenty of good work out of him. The fellow is amazingly handsome; he reminds me of somebody, but I can't remember of whom. Esmée certainly puts him to the fore a good deal; she talked about him so to the P. and P. that she made her point, and was allowed to present him to them. But this may all be done only to rile Tabby. There is no knowing with a woman like Esmée what she's really up to; she knows the world down to the ground, and if she makes a move, she's a purpose in it; but yet again she's a weather-cock. The Italian adores her—that's plain to be seen; when we were last here, he'd the whip-hand of her; now she's the pull over him. I suppose it's only her fun, but it will be rough on the poor devil. I don't see what we can any of us do. Esmée isn't a chicken. If you'd sent the diplomaed and decorated ass that you spoke of, there would have been none of this bother. She *says* she's going to Cannes next month, and has ordered the *Glaucus* to refit and get in Mediterranean trim. She can hardly take the painter on board with her. The C. of O. informs me that you and I are responsible for all this scandal. You, I know, are; but I don't see where I come in; by-the-way, in case we're obliged to have more to do with this man, can't you learn really something about him?"

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest:

"DEAR LLANNY,—There is nothing to learn; he never concealed where he came from. He's the natural son of a woman of Fontanella, and his grandfather was a *buttero;* that is, please your ignorance, a wild-cattle keeper. The priest of Fontanella—who has a history too, for he is a noble, and took the vow of poverty and entered the Church in consequence of the tragic death of a mistress—loves him, but has nothing to do with him: as to that all the folk of Florinella are agreed. The priest educated him, and maintained him afterward at the University of Rome, where he took high honors. He then studied art (living very miserably, I suspect) in Paris and Munich, and then spent his life between his studio (a garret) in Rome and the priest's little house up in the hills at Florinella, where he painted those frescoes in the little church which led to my most unfortunate acquaintance with him. That is all that is to be known. He is now thirty-three years of age. You will see it is all quite creditable, more creditable perhaps than yours or mine; but, as society is constituted, Esmée must no more look at him than if he were a forger or a hangman. I suppose we are all humbugs, but *telle est la vie.* If you are at your (very clever) wits' ends on the spot, what am I a thousand miles off? What I should most fear would be an irreparable breach between Esmée and the C. of O., and the adoption as *chaperon* of some frisky matron, like her friend Mrs. Alsager, who will let her do just as she likes, and get compromised in a hideous fashion. My chief hope lies in Renzo himself; I think he is a man of honor. I think if he sees mischief ahead, he will go away out of it."

Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest, to Hon. H. Hollys, Rome:

"I have never believed in Joseph; especially would Joseph be an impossibility when a beautiful young woman offered herself *en tout bien tout honneur.* Don't be alarmed; she's not at that point yet, perhaps never will be. As yet she is only having her portrait taken, and I bet it will beat 'La bella di Tiziano.' The C. of O. presides at the sittings, looking like Duty on a rock staring at Danger, or something of that sort. The Alsager *is* going on the *Glaucus*, and that may mean any amount of mischief. Vic. was at my house the other day, looking very blue, poor boy. He won't take his punishing without whimpering. How could that marriage miss fire? You and I should have had nothing to do except to sign our names to the most perfect settlements the world ever saw. To think, too, how the properties dovetail into one another! It is flouting Providence; but she has done the same thing twenty times a year ever since she left her school-room."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest (telegraphs):

"Do you mean to say you think the affair with R. *serious?*"

Lord Llandudno to Mr. Hollys (writes):

"It looks like it. She put me off the scent last time, but now I begin to think the C. of O. not altogether so wrong. However, it may be all caprice. She is, after all, only having her portrait taken; why should we interfere? I tried to say something this morning, and she looked me in the face with the coolest little smile, and just said, 'It is so much nicer than a photograph, that people can sell, whether one lets them or not.' Just as if she couldn't have Carolus Duran or Baudry to take her portrait! Just as if she hadn't been painted half a score of times before now! I do believe he has a great influence over her; she has left off using the kolb to her eyes; she wears her hair in loose soft masses, instead of crimping and frizzing her fringe; she has taken to quite simple sorts of gowns, with old-fashioned gold girdles and gypsires as her only ornament. 'I suppose that's æsthetic?' I said to Hermione, and Hermie regarded me with scorn: 'How can you be so silly? It's Renzo. She sent some of his sketches over to Worth, with orders. Esmée never did care a bit about the æsthetes, but she likes to please him, don't you know?' I did know, and I groaned, and I know the man ought to go away, but on my life I don't see why he should throw it all up merely to oblige us. Besides, he is honestly in love with her; he is the only person in the house, perhaps, who does not know it, but he is so. As she is perfectly charming and enchantingly considerate toward him, why should he turn his back on all that?"

Mr. Hollys to Lord Llandudno:

"You know as well as I do that men who are poor *do* turn their backs on all that when they are gentlemen, and I think he is a gentleman; but I grant the temptation is terrible if he really can see he has any influence over her. I confess the whole thing seems so incredible to me that it is like a nightmare. What does she mean to do? She never can mean to marry him. He hasn't a *soldo*, and not even a name!"

Lord Llandudno to Mr. Hollys:

"I certainly don't dare hint to her that she does, but I think her quite capable of it. She would love to do it if only for the pleasure of braving the C. of O. and quarrelling with all the rest of us. She is her own mistress, you know. No hope of the Lord Chancellor *here.* Frankly I want to be out of it, so I'm going to shoot bears and steinbok with Hohenlohe in Styria. I think if she's left quite alone she'll see the folly of the thing. The sense of opposition keeps her obstinate; not, mind you, that there's anything definite yet. They're only still at this infernal portrait. The portrait will be grand; he handles the dead gold and the scarlet with amazing skill; you certainly knew what you were about, and picked out a man who could paint. Hermione and Jack Herbert have come to terms; they'll be married some time after Christmas. Everybody quite pleased all round. '*That* would spoil it to *me*,' said Esmée the other day. I declared I quite believed her. She likes a chopping sea and a stiff wind when she's out. If she does lose her head about the Roman, it will only be out of 'contrariness.'"

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"DEAREST FRIEND AND REVEREND FATHER,—You are quite right; the suspicion which has come into my mind concerning the Earl Alured poisons the peace and pleasure I had found in my pursuits here. It may be altogether fanciful and unfounded, but the mere shadow of it is enough to darken my path; especially when I am in her presence the thought is oppressive and of an almost unbearable humiliation. If I could speak of him I could ask her permission to seek through any papers he may have left for more evidence,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1358.

more confirmation; but this it is impossible to do; I could never bring my lips to frame a hint of it. After all, too, I should most likely see nothing more. The mere pastime of an English nobleman with an Italian girl would leave no impression on the life and memory of such a man as he, even if he loved her, as the name on the doe's collar would suggest. These great gentlemen break so many of these poor butterflies upon the wheel in a summer's day!

"The portrait grows; they say it is like the style of Cabanel, which incenses me: Cabanel is a great master, but I hope I am not borrowing from him or any one; I paint what I see as I feel it, and if I have any master at all, I go farther back than Cabanel, and straightway to the Venice of the Cinque-cento. Miladi is all that is sweetest and most kind; nay, she is too good to me; it offends all her own people, that I can see. When the portrait is done, she will go away at once on a vessel of her own southward, and the long, cold, blank English winter faces me. Well, if only there will be light enough, I shall occupy myself. I rise at daybreak to go on with the Theocritian frescoes; I can not bear her to suppose that I purposely delay my work for sake of the ease of my life here. If the weather serve, I mean to finish them by next Easter. She does not, I believe, return until then, as she goes from the Riviera straight to her house in London, without coming here after her winter in the South. She asked me, a little abruptly, this morning if I would not like to go to Rome for the winter; she said I was not to think for a moment that I was bound to finish the ball-room until it was quite convenient to me; if my habits or my health needed a warmer air in winter—then she stopped and looked at me, and I did not altogether understand her, but I felt my face grow hot, for I knew that I had no money to return to Rome; I spent all I had in coming here and in the purchase of the colors, and certainly I would die sooner than tell her that. When I hear all these people talk of going here, going there, of flying this way and that, like so many happy birds, I understand that to be poor is to be a bird without wings, like that poor hopeless, ugly apteryx which is the laughing-stock of naturalists and the cruel jest of nature....

"The lord who is a sort of *tutore* came to me just now when I was alone and commenced conversation. He does not speak French very well, but I could fairly understand him. He said some hard things of miladi. He ended by hinting to me that she was '*coquette et fine mouche*.' I said to him that I did not think that concerned me, and that it was not for me, who received many benefits from her, to listen to blame of her. This confused him a little. He got up, said quickly '*Eh bien je m'en lave les mains!*' and then added that he was himself going away into Styria. He seemed to wish me to give him some assurance, but I did not see that any was needed. They seem to attach much more importance to me than I can possibly claim. Is she a coquette? I do not think so. And if she be, what is that to me? I am only a man who paints her portrait and her ball-room. And I may be something she would think yet lower than the sweeper who clears her terrace of its leaves....

"This morning whilst it was still very early she entered the ball-room when I was beginning my work. She has risen early the last week or two; I have seen her, and once or twice met her in the gardens soon after sunrise. 'Why do you work so hard?' she asked me when she had looked at what I was doing. 'Why are you in such haste to have finished the thing? Are you tired of England, of Milton?' I told her that I thought common honesty needed that the work should be done with as little waste of time as it could. 'And when it is done,' she said, in her abrupt fashion that yet is graceful too, 'will you go away and have no regret for us?' I felt myself grow pale, for I knew that I should suffer—much—but I answered her that if in the end she considered the work well done I should have no regrets: none; I should have only great gratitude. 'Gratitude!' She repeated the word with some anger. She looked very beautiful. She had a white woollen gown on with black fur all round it, and she had a quantity of red autumn roses in her hand. 'It is we who owe you gratitude,' she said, warmly. 'It is I who owe you gratitude. You give my house beautiful fancies and images, and you have made me think; you have made me feel; you have made me conscious of the emptiness and the egotism of my life.' I said nothing —what could I say?—*to her*. 'I think you are far too proud,' she said, after a little pause, 'and yet you have so far too much humility. Do you mean to say you will like to remain here all alone all the cold, dreary, lonely winter? You will be miserable. You have no idea how cold it is, how unutterably dull!' I told her I did not think that it would be colder than my fireless garret had been in Paris, or was even in Rome, when the tramontana blew; and I said that I should not be miserable because her memory—and her portrait—would remain with me. Perhaps it was wrong to say even so much. But it did not offend her. She smiled and gave me one of her roses, and ordered me to come to breakfast with her. I hesitated very much, but she insisted, so that I could not refuse. I breakfasted with her and the little Lady Hermione before any one else staying in the house was up, and we laughed and chattered and were merry and happy, and the smell of the sweet wet grass and the late roses came through the windows which we could leave open a little, for it is here what we call St. Martin's summer. Well, it is much to have these beautiful hours to remember even if afterward one goes out into endless hunger and darkness for evermore!

"But, looking back on it all, here, as I write alone, the thought comes to me which seems in itself almost madness. Is it possible that she would—that she does—love me? What must I do? Counsel me."

Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, etc., etc.:

"MY BELOVED SON,—It is not for me to counsel you at such a distance from you as I am, and having so long and altogether abandoned the great world. But your nature is noble, your pride is great, greater perhaps because some would deny your right to it: act, therefore, as both these bid you. That this lady is drawn toward you I can well believe; that you care for her more than you know, I have long felt; but I confess I see nothing but suffering in store for you through this passion. If you wish to leave the place and the country, command me; you know my purse, meagre as it is, is always open to you, and here you may find, as I have done, peace at least of conscience, if pains of memory pursue you even to these heights."

Leonis Renzo to Don Eccellino Ferraris, etc., etc.:

"You are, as ever, good beyond my merits. If she leave here, I will stay on and complete the work. If she remain, you are right—I must go. Peace will be no more mine wherever my steps may turn."

The Countess of Charterys to Mr. Thomas, Yacht "Glaucus," Cowes Harbor:

"Take her round to Marseilles, and there wait telegram from me."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, etc., etc.:

"She is gone. I suppose some pressure was brought to bear on her, or perhaps she wished to escape from a position that became an embarrassment. I do not know; I think she has some love for me; but I hear always the voice of that old lord saying, '*Elle est coquette et fine mouche.*' Yet I wrong her; I am base to want more than she has given me—the utmost sweetness and delicacy and consideration to the last; so much more than I should have been warranted in expecting! The evening before she left she came to take farewell of me when I was at work on her portrait, which is all but finished; a few touches to the drapery and to the dog alone are needed. She said to me, 'If it be very cold, indeed you had better go to Rome, or will you come out to us at Cannes, and make another picture of me amongst the palms?' Her voice was very low and kind. It cost me very much to look at her calmly and say, as I did, No. I think she understood that it was no discourtesy. She said nothing else. She gave me her hand. There were tears in her beautiful eyes. Mine were dim. You were right. There is pain, great pain, for both of us; but hers will soon pass, rich, happy, adored, surrounded, amused with a thousand distractions as she is and will be; but mine— No doubt what she feels for me is mere interest, mere compassion, rather than the divine pity of Desdemona; perhaps she has respect for me too, because I have never flattered her. But it is impossible that she seriously loves me. If she did, she is far removed from me as though mountains were between us. If I could accept her were she to offer it, how she would despise me then and forever!

"I have my first taste of an English winter to-day. It is bitterly cold, and rains, and hails, and snows. It is impossible to paint. I continue my work in the library; I have seen many cases and drawers full of drawings, manuscripts, and engravings still to examine and arrange. It is a noble room, and the great fire lit at either end fills it full of mellow color. I could be quite happy here if—if—if! I have sent to my friend Vico in Rome to dispose of the pictures there are in my studio if he can, even if he get but twenty francs apiece, and send me the money; I can leave here if she return, as it is her choice to do sometimes at a day's notice. She wrote me a most kind and pretty note this morning. It cost me much to answer with a few formal lines, but she would despise me if I let myself do more. She has reached Cannes a fortnight ago. She describes her villa, with its orange woods and gardens and its walls of many-colored marble, and the little harbor all to itself, with such deep water that her yacht can anchor there. She asks me to go out and see it, and paint it all: she puts aside my refusal as if it had never been uttered. Do you think she would be so cruel as to play with me so far? Yet I am a fool, and thankless. No doubt she only means it in innocent kindness, and never dreams that I shall distort it so."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MILWAUKEE FIRE.

THE burning of the Newhall Hotel in Milwaukee, with the sacrifice of perhaps one hundred lives, is another terrible warning against the numberless "fire-traps" which, in the form of hotels, theatres, and tenement-houses, are tolerated in American cities. This hotel was notoriously an unsafe structure. It was old, most of the inner partitions and all the floor beams were of wood, and it had been so often on fire that the local insurance agents had recently refused to take any risk on the building. Six stories in height, with intricate passages and with stairways that allowed the flames and suffocating smoke to rush almost instantaneously from basement to roof, it was provided with only two fire-escapes.

Yet, so heedless is the travelling public, this dangerous building was one of the most popular hotels in Milwaukee, and on the night of January 9 it harbored more than three hundred people, including servants. A little before four o'clock on the morning of the 10th the alarm of fire was given, and the firemen who hastened to the scene beheld a spectacle of horror that has scarcely a parallel in the annals of similar calamities. Every window of the immense building was filled with struggling men and women, frantically and piteously calling for the aid which it was impossible to render. Some of the inmates found their way to the main entrance and escaped, and others might have been saved had an immediate and concerted attempt at rescue been made. But there was no one with sufficient presence of mind to take the lead. The halls of the hotel were the scene of the wildest confusion. Men, women, and children rushed hither and thither in the suffocating smoke, missing in their frenzy the stairways and windows leading to the fire-escapes. All this was witnessed by the horrified crowds that gathered in the streets.

The firemen worked with all their accustomed energy and dispatch; but their efforts were impeded by the net-work of telegraph wires which surrounded the building, and which prevented the raising of ladders to the windows. This is another warning which should not be allowed to pass unheeded. But for these wires, which should never be permitted to stretch along the sides of hotels or tenement-houses, many people might have been rescued by the firemen. The wires were also a hinderance to rescue in another way. Many persons who jumped from the windows toward the canvas held below struck the wires, and fell fearfully mangled on the pavement.

The tragic details of this calamity, already familiar through the full reports of the daily press, ought to make a more than passing impression on the public mind, and incite the proper authorities to take immediate measures for the security of life in hotels and other buildings where people congregate in large numbers. The proprietors of such buildings should not only be required, but compelled, to make them as absolutely safe as human precautions can make them. Every theatre, hotel, and large tenement-house should be fire-proof. The public is accustomed and willing to take chances, and should be protected, in the interest of humanity, against its own heedlessness. The Newhall was old, and everybody, says a Milwaukee editor, "had looked upon it as doomed if it ever got on fire in the night." Who can read of the heroism of the brave firemen who carried the forms of fainting women over the ladder bridge thrown across the narrow alleyway to the upper story of the burning building, of their unavailing efforts to reach the windows where the struggling victims were imprisoned, of the bodies mangled by falling on the deadly telegraph wires and striking with a sickening thud on the pavement—who can think of the suffering and agony endured during that awful half-hour of martyrdom—without hot indignation that such tragedies are possible? Yet any night may bring another. We open the morning paper dreading to read of some terrible calamity. On the seas it may be impossible to guard against disasters; but there is no excuse whatever for such tragedies as attend the burning of a theatre or a hotel. Such structures can either be made fire-proof, or be so provided with appliances for putting out fire, and with adequate means of escape, as to make the loss of life from this source as rare as it is now common.

THE LATE SENATOR MORRILL.

THE HON. LOT M. MORRILL, who died at his residence in Augusta, Maine, after a lingering illness, on the 10th inst., was born in Belgrade, Maine, on the 3d of May, 1818. At the age of nineteen he entered Waterville College, in that State, afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. Mr. MORRILL made his entry into political life in 1854, when he was elected to the Maine Legislature. In 1856 he was elected to the State Senate, and became its President. Two years afterward he was elected Governor, and was re-elected in 1859 and 1860. Senator HAMLIN having been elected Vice-President, Mr. MORRILL was chosen to take his place in the United States Senate for the remainder of his term; and in 1863 he was re-elected for the term ending in 1869. On the death of Senator FESSENDEN, Mr. MORRILL was again elected to the Senate for the term ending in 1877. On the resignation of Secretary BRISTOW, in June, 1876, Senator MORRILL was made Secretary of the Treasury, which post he occupied until March, 1877. After his retirement from the secretaryship he was appointed Collector of the Port of Portland, Maine, which position he held at the time of his death.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHEN a cold wave sweeps down from the Northwest, and the sympathies of the charitable go out toward those in the midst of us who are ill prepared to meet the rigors of winter, how many of the philanthropic ever give a thought to the distress of the poor Kennebec River icemen as their visions of a monopoly in ice suddenly pass away?

A young man of Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, was choked to death by swallowing a shirt stud. When the loser is called upon to pay a forfeit of that nature, it is always allowable to remove the studs and buttons.

The title of the new journal, *The Undertaker's Assistant*, may be objected to on the ground that it is ambiguous. *The Toy Pistol* is suggested as a substitute.

While the Prince of Wales was on a recent pleasure-trip he alighted at a railway station and bought a piece of sponge-cake. The bell rang for the train to start before he had finished eating the cake, and he left the remnant on the restaurant counter. The keeper of the restaurant labelled it: "Great curiosity! The Prince of Wales bit this. For sale." The story has it that he not only sold the piece for a large price, but also disposed of his entire stock of sponge-cake in the same advantageous manner before he destroyed the label.

A man who was skeptical as to the utility of the telephone was induced to step up to the instrument and shout "Hello, Sarah!" to his wife, who was five miles away. At that moment lightning struck the wire and knocked him senseless. His first words on recovering consciousness were, "That's Sarah, every time."

The *Sun* takes Mayor Edson to task for mentioning the "working classes." It insists that there are no such classes in this glorious republic. There is here and there, however, a man who finds it necessary to stick to his play pretty regularly.

After those who had gathered at a church in Providence, Rhode Island, to see a wedding ceremony had waited an hour for the contracting parties to appear, the organist struck up the tune, "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" The bride soon came in smiling, and proved that she was not "tied up to an apple-tree."

A Boston statistician comes to the rescue of those who have not attended church regularly with these figures: stormy Sundays in Boston last year, 24; average per year for the past fifteen years, 16½.

On the nineteenth anniversary of the proclamation of freedom three Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States were seen standing up in a Washington street car and holding on by the straps, while the seats were occupied by negro laborers.

One of the first official acts of Governor Cleveland was to dismiss the Pardon Clerk, and say that he would attend to the duties of that position himself. It is said that when Governor Cleveland was practicing law he went to Albany to intercede for the life of a man who had been sentenced to the gallows, that he was told by the Pardon Clerk that "we" could do nothing in the matter, and that he found considerable difficulty in obtaining an audience with the Governor, but easily succeeded in obtaining mercy for the condemned man when he had an opportunity to present his petition. The Pardon Clerk who stood between him and the Governor, the story has it, is the one who was dismissed.

Item from the southern boundary: "The Mexicans are rapidly becoming Americanized: they prefer Kentucky whiskey to aguardiente."

A feature of life in Denver, says a writer, is that fortune-hunters are sometimes found paying their addresses to the kitchen rather than the parlor. The secret of this is that servant-girls have a way of investing their earnings in building lots, which advance in value so rapidly that the owners soon find themselves in a state bordering on opulence.

The advent upon the floor of a new member of the Stock Exchange subjects him to experience at the hands of the younger and more frisky brokers which must remind him of the vicissitudes of his Freshman year in college. The *World* says that when a new member made his appearance recently he was "greeted with howls of delight." His hat was promptly knocked off, and other men's hats were banged on to his head, some of them stopping on his crown, and others going down till they were stopped by his ears or nose. The account continues: "Then they rushed him around the room, and bitterly lamented the fact that the table which used to stand in front of the rostrum had been removed, for it used to be one of the features of a man's initiation to be laid on his back on this table, which was fastened securely to the floor, and then his tormentors, taking his arms and legs, spun him round and round like a pin-wheel. They tore his coat, and chalked him all over with strange signs, till at last in despair he offered to sell his newly acquired seat for very much less than he paid for it." Three other gentlemen who were admitted to membership on the same day failed to appear on the floor, and no wonder.

There are at least a few places in the world where rats are appreciated by men. In the lower levels of the Nevada mines the old miners neither kill the rats nor suffer them to be harmed by others. These rodents are the scavengers of the mines. They pick the meat bones thrown away by the men, and devour such scraps of food as would vitiate the hot air of the mines if left to decay. They also give warning when a "cave" is about to take place. The miners believe that the rats detect the settling of the ground before the cracking of timbers is heard, for they come out on the floor and scamper about uneasily. If rats come into a new drift or cross-cut, their presence is taken as a sign of a good yield. "The other day," says the Virginia City *Enterprise*, "when the men were at work on the face of a new cross-cut on the 2700-feet level of the Sierra Nevada Mine, a rat came in to them, travelling along the line of the compressed air pipe. When the little rodent was seen some of the new hands wanted to kill it, but the old miners would not allow it to be hurt. They said it would bring luck to the cross-cut. So they fixed up in the roof of the drift a box as a house for the rat, and placed food near at hand, in order that it might find its new quarters profitable as well as comfortable. There is much talk among the miners about the coming of this rat, and the men in the new cross-cut are very proud of it, and have high hopes on account of its presence."

WASHED ASHORE.—Drawn by C

BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 42.]

WASHED ASHORE.

See double-page illustration.

"He was found at the dawning?" "Yes." "And his name is?" "Jacques Minot."
"Where did he live?" "At the fishers' village, about a mile below."
"Was he born in the village?" "Yes; he has lived there all his life."
"Married?" "Yes, monsieur." "How many children? Where is his wife?"

"Ah, monsieur, that is the sorrow. Poor Babetta died last year;
And there are six little children. The youngest stands by me here.
She is half afraid, you see, of *what* lies there on the shore:
Afraid of her father! Poor child, she never feared him before!"

"Who cares for the children? Will they go to friends, or the state?"
Paul Zettering rose from his knees: "He was my friend and my mate;
Mate and brother and friend, I've been promising poor Jacques now
I would care for his children; and, comrades, you hear my vow."
"Good. You may bury him, then, poor fellow. A man so brave
Methinks should have found in the sea he loved a clean deep grave;
But the sea's a cruel mistress, and scornfully flings ashore
The broken life and the broken clay of him who sails no more."

"Nay, monsieur, the sea is faithful; she knew our Jacques would rest
Better beside the little church, with the cross upon his breast;
Would rather lie by his Babetta; for through the church-yard grass
The feet of the kindly fisher-folk and his little children pass.

"Tis the winds that are cruel, monsieur; the sea—the sea loves man;
When the cruel winds leave her alone, she does for him all she can;
And when they lash her to fury, and she can do no more,
She bears the poor dead fisherman safe to his own home-shore."
So the gendarme wrote of Jacques Minot: "Found drowned, and washed ashore."

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER II.

WARNING.

John Woodhatch did not reply in any way to Miss Brake's wish that the coming of Lucy might be delayed. The remark was not intended for his ears, and he was gentleman enough at least to affect that he had not heard it. He wondered a little why Miss Brake should object to the visit of the Larcoms; one of his little plans had been to draw Lucy and Hester Brake together by the common tie of their one loss. They were related, too—there seemed nothing in the world to keep them at arm's-length, and presently this ailing, fretful, warm-hearted little woman would need sisterly help and solace. Kitty would be away with her husband at Tolland's farm then, and Hester Brake would be very much alone.

He had professed to be in good spirits that evening, but her questioning had somewhat disturbed him. She had asked him boldly whether he was still in love with Lucy, and he had replied at once that he was, but the conversation had not tended to keep the good spirits of which he had boasted to their abnormal level. In his "heart of hearts" he had objected a little to the question, but Hester Brake was a "privileged" friend who had known the secret of his life, had even guessed at it shrewdly before the truth came out at the inquest, and the truth was still that he loved the fair, sad young widow, and would have brightened her life if he could: even by the sacrifice of his own life, if in any way it would have cheered her own, he could have said without much boasting.

"It is getting late," he said, restless now. "Have you anything more to say, Hester—to ask?"

"Why?"

"Why!" repeated Woodhatch, rising. "Because we are early folk at Farm Forlorn, and these are late hours for us."

Miss Brake looked at her watch.

"Yes, it is getting late," she said; "but there was one subject to which I had intended to allude. You have put it out of my head with your talk of these Larcoms."

"Of old Alec and your sister-in-law," he said, mildly, "not 'these Larcoms' exactly. Well, what is it you want to cross-examine me upon?"

"I have no more questions to ask, John. Sit down," she said; "I can not look up at you and shout my wishes."

"Oh! they are wishes now, are they?" said John, lightly. "Well, five minutes to attend to *them*."

He sat down by her side now, in a second chair that was handy, and she laid her hand upon his arm. The expression of her face was very fixed and earnest, and had strange meanings in it, which he could not guess at, he was sure already.

"John," she said, "for many years I have believed you a just man—a man who has suffered from injustice, I might add, and been above resenting it. I don't think it is in your heart to bear malice, is it?"

"I don't think it is," he said, smiling, and endeavoring to regard her preface lightly. "Who is the party who says I am malicious?"

"No one."

"Ah! that's all right," was his reply.

"But you are unforgiving."

"Hester, you are laying yourself open to an action for libel; but there, I forgive *you*, at any rate."

"You are unforgiving," she continued, "and you are aware of it. The man who has injured you, or slighted you, or put a false construction on your actions, you turn against at once. You would do him no harm, but—"

"But I should not be anxious to ask him to dinner, or subscribe to a testimonial for him, or lend him a hundred pounds. Well, no. If he has a bad opinion of me," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "let him keep it, but at a respectful distance from me. Why should I seek the company of a man who would treat me vilely if he could, and who, when I was at my best, perhaps, thought the very worst of me? What good is he to me?"

"And you would not forgive him," said Miss Brake.

"How do you know, Miss Persistency?"

"And," she went on, "I want you to forgive one poor weak fellow who has sinned against your pride, and is very penitent, I am sure. Whose life your sternness has wrecked already, I am afraid."

John Woodhatch was quick to seize the motive of all this.

"You mean Reuben Fladge?"

"Yes."

"He was led away by Morris, and talked into playing the spy, but I forgave him on that night, and would have seen to his future had he let me—had he not grown desperate, and—"

"And killed my brother. That is what you think in your heart," she said, with excitement. "Is that not so?—tell me!"

"So we have come round to the old ghastly subject," said Woodhatch. "When will you set it aside?"

"Presently. I am a new-comer here. Put up with me John, and my associations conjured up by this farm, for a little while," she said. "And now—you think this Fladge killed my brother?"

"I am no man's judge."

"But you suspect him. From the very first you suspected that poor half-witted lad."

"Who tells you this?"

"Fladge himself."

"Where have you seen him?"

"No matter; I have seen him," was the reply. "More than once I have given him money, and kind words, which he values more than money. And," she added, "he did not kill my brother, I am convinced."

"I should be glad to be convinced of that too," muttered Woodhatch.

"I want you to take my word for it: I, who never in my life deceived you, and whose word you could always trust," she said. "Will you do this?"

"Because you take Fladge's word for it," said the farmer, moodily. "But that is no reason why I should."

"Oh, you are terribly obstinate!" said Hester. "It is your besetting sin; it will be so to the end. Why can't you believe what I say?"

"You keep something back from me," was the sharp reply.

"For the present, yes; but," she added, "only for the present."

"You think you have a clew. Ah! Hester, many shrewder heads than yours have thought so too."

"Trust me."

"Who has been bewildering and exciting you with statements most likely to prove false? Come, now, confess," he urged; "for you are not often like this."

"I will tell you presently."

"Not now?"

"Not now."

"Then I will forgive Fladge presently, too," said Woodhatch, quietly; "when there is any proof in his favor which a man may grapple."

"You drive me to extremes by your doubts," she cried, angrily. "You will not give me time to prove the truth indisputably; and I must have time."

"I have said some one has disturbed your mind, Hester, for a purpose of his own, knowing how credulous you are. Where is this Fladge?" asked John Woodhatch. "When did you see him last?"

"Don't ask me any more questions," she said, wearily.

"I will not. I am glad to end the subject, and should be very glad to know it was not Fladge who killed poor Morris. And now, Hester, good-night to you."

"Good-night," she replied, in a low, offended tone, as she rose and walked across the room without looking at him again. She paused before Kate Vanch, and touched her shoulder. The game at draughts was finished, and the betrothed couple had been conversing together quietly and confidentially.

"You are the best of friends, I see," she said, lightly. "Come, Kate, I am tired, and need rest to-night."

Kitty sprang up at once, and Hester Brake placed her hand upon her arm.

"Good-night, Greg," said Kate, with a bright smile at him.

"Good-night, Kitty," he answered, as cheerily, as they shook hands together; "and good-night, Miss Brake."

"Yours is certainly like a voice I have heard before," said Miss Brake, in lieu of her salutation in response. "Where could it have been?"

"I can not give you any information," said Greg, smiling; "I wish it was in my power." Then he opened the door for her and Kitty to pass through, bowed again, and closed the door behind them.

He did not return to his place, but walked to the window where John Woodhatch was sitting, pipe in hand, and the tobacco burning away by itself in the bowl.

"I think I will bid you good-night also, Mr. Woodhatch," he said. "It will have to be early rising to-morrow to see to the seven-acre lot."

"Yes, we must clear it to-morrow, Greg."

"It shall be done, sir."

"Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Woodhatch."

Greg had expected for the last day or two that the master would have asked him about Kitty Vanch, and of his feelings regarding her, now that she was part and parcel of his life, and a new addition to the home here, but Mr. Woodhatch did not broach the subject; on the contrary, he said, almost sharply,

"When did you see Fladge last, Greg?"

"Fladge?" repeated Greg, in surprise.

"Yes; I have him on my mind to-night."

Greg hesitated for an instant.

"Now you mention it, sir, I am reminded that he was seen in the village yesterday."

"Who saw him?"

"One of the servants told me this morning she found him at old Spikins's when she took the beef tea round," said Greg.

"Ah! I see."

Greg glanced at the farmer, who looked thoughtfully out-of-doors, and said no more upon the question. Taking this as a hint to go, the favorite pupil withdrew, and John Woodhatch stood up and stretched his arms out as though the day's work or the conversation with Brake had wearied him very much. He was closing the open window, when a thin, claw-like hand touched his arm and sought to draw him, as if against his will, into the shadows of the garden and out of the range of the lights within the room.

"Master," said Mrs. Chadderton, in a husky whisper, "it is all found out. You must go away at once."

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD SUSPICION.

The master of Farm Forlorn was startled for an instant, then his hand responded to the clutch of the housekeeper, and the position was quickly reversed. By his superior strength, the grasp of his iron fingers which contracted firmly and closely on the fingers of Mrs. Chadderton, he drew that estimable and watchful lady into the room from the dark garden ground wherein she had been concealed.

"What a bad habit you have of lurking about and listening, Mrs. Chadderton!" he said, coolly. "What is the matter with you?"

Mrs. Chadderton, once in the house, was released. She closed the shutters with a quick hand, went to the door of the room, looked out into the corridors, and then returned with a feline step to the side of John Woodhatch. She was deathly white, he saw now, and her slight frame was shaking very violently.

"I have not spoken before; I have not said a word of this before," she whispered, fiercely, to him. "Oh, master! my dear old master, who has befriended me so much and saved so many more deserving, I ask you, beg you, pray to you to go away from here. Pray do, for God's sake, for your own. Don't stop another day!"

"Mrs. Chadderton, you are as mad as a March hare, or—"

And then he stooped and looked closely into her face.

"No, I have not been drinking," said the housekeeper; "for years I have never touched a drop of drink. You know that."

"No, you're sober; then, old girl, you must be mad," he said, "or ill, or walking in your sleep."

"No, no, no," she answered. "Don't speak so loudly; can't you whisper, so that—so that if anybody was at the door they could not hear what we were saying?"

John Woodhatch frowned.

"They may hear anything I have to say, and welcome."

"Ah! you don't know," she cried; "you don't see—you won't see—how the net is closing round you."

"Go on," said the master, calmly.

"That woman knows—that hateful woman whom you brought to this house—"

"Hateful! You call her hateful!" said Woodhatch, in a tone of stern reproof. "Try and remember."

"Yes, yes, but I only remember now she is your bitterest enemy," cried the housekeeper; "she is deceiving you and all the rest. Oh, sir, I wouldn't say so—I would never have said a word—if I were not quite sure. You know me well enough for that, and after all these years of faithful service to you."

John Woodhatch set down his pipe, and rested his two big brown hands on the shoulders of the woman, generally so quiescent and passive and grim, and now more like a madwoman than ever, as he had told her that she must be.

"Listen to me, Mother Chadderton, will you?"

"I am listening," she answered; "I will not lose a single word. But please don't speak so loud."

"You are an old servant here, and we have not many secrets from each other," said John Woodhatch. "You know my life, you think; I know yours, I am sure. And there has been on your mind, then, for five long years, the murder of Morris Brake?"

"Yes."

"And you think I killed him," he said—"nay, you are sure I killed him?"

She did not attempt to prevaricate; she looked down, and answered again, "Yes."

"And you are still my friend! You do not shrink away from the hands red with blood that hold you to your faith in me, despite it all?" he said, wonderingly.

"No, I do not shrink," she answered, boldly. "I saw how he stood in your way, how he had deceived you, robbed you of the one woman who could have blessed your life, and made it all so different. I saw how your heart was wrung—how you suffered!"

"You know nothing about it. I—"

"Oh! don't tell me anything; don't say a word, but let me save you," she entreated. "Let me swear you were never away from the house that night; that you were ill, and I attended to you; that— Oh, good God! let me be in some way of help. That is all I want, sir; nothing more than that."

"You don't blame me, then?" he said.

"Blame you—no. Why should I?"

He released his hold of her, and shuddered for an instant.

"You are a terrible woman, Mrs. Chadderton," he said, with a laugh that had not much merriment in it; "you would screen even a murderer, then, from the Hands of Justice?"

"With all my heart, if that murderer was John Woodhatch."

"As you are sure he is."

She did not answer again; she wrung her hands together and looked down, after her old fashion. And he did not repeat his question; he only regarded her sorrowfully, even very regretfully, and said:

"Tell me your news. Where is my danger?"

Mrs. Chadderton gesticulated wildly.

"*She* was in the village alone the night before her visit here. She went to the cottages on the low level," the housekeeper exclaimed.

"Miss Brake?"

"Yes."

"What did she want?"

"Spikins sent for her," was the answer.

"How did you learn this?"

"From Reuben Fladge. He has been here to-night," she went on, speaking with an uncommon rapidity of utterance; "it dawned even upon him there might be danger to the master, and more in it than he had guessed at."

"What did Spikins say to Miss Brake?"

"I don't know," she said, helplessly.

"Does Fladge?"

"He does not. He was sent out of the cottage," was the answer; "but the object of the meeting was to tell this woman who killed Morris Brake."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"And Spikins knows who was the murderer?"

"Yes, for certain," replied Mrs. Chadderton.

"I will go to him," said John Woodhatch. "It is important I should see that man."

"You are losing time," murmured the housekeeper.

"No; I'm gaining it," said John Woodhatch. "You see it will be more easy to get away from Spikins's house, Ann Chadderton. There will not be so many to notice which way I have gone."

"Yes—yes—but—" And then Mrs. Chadderton stopped as John Woodhatch broke into a laugh which sounded very strangely at that hour of the night, and seemed to ring throughout the farm.

"Hush! hush!" she exclaimed. "Why are you laughing at me? Where is the fun, at such a time as this?"

"You will not see I am jesting with you," he said, "and that this murder story has affected you for nothing."

"Ah! you are beyond me. I do not make you out, master," she said, with a deep sigh. "I would help you at all hazards if I could. I am not thinking of the murder, or caring for it: I only care for your escape."

"Did Spikins tell Miss Brake I was the murderer?"

"I do not know," she said again.

"Has he ever said to you he thought I was?"

"I have never listened to him. All I know is, he was abroad that night when I sat up for you, and must have seen you," she said, in a lower tone of voice.

"Seen me on the sands, then, walking down the disappointment of my life, Ann Chadderton—nothing more than that. It is strange," he said, regarding her reproachfully, "that you should think so badly of me as to set me down as the assassin of a youth who shared my home, and of whom I was proud. I did not kill Morris Brake, woman—I would have rather killed myself."

"They may accuse you all the same," she answered, in a passive tone.

It appeared to be a matter of complete indifference to her whether John Woodhatch had killed Morris Brake or not. It was his safety which concerned this woman, nothing else.

"Will you believe me?" he asked, sharply.

"Yes," she said at once.

"And bear in mind, too, that Miss Brake has no suspicion of me."

"She knows who is the murderer—I heard her say so—and I—I thought she must have meant you, sir, Spikins knowing, and I knowing—"

"Nothing," said John Woodhatch, interrupting her. "See here."

He drew from his pocket the envelope containing Miss Brake's will, and held it up before her astonished gaze.

"She has intrusted me with this to-night—probably has left me all her money in it. This is the will of Hester Brake," he said.

"Indeed?"

"Yes—indeed it is."

"After all, this may be a trick," she said, very eagerly, "to put you off your guard."

John Woodhatch stamped his foot, and then broke into a laugh again.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"If you were not a woman I should shake you," he said, bluntly; "but you are a poor creature with only one idea. There! go to bed, and leave the outer door on the latch; I may be late."

"Late, sir?"

"Yes; we are late people sometimes at Farm Forlorn, and prowl at night like wild beasts. But then the farm is a wild beast's den—to you."

"Forgive me. I have tried to think for the best for many years. Always," she said, in a trembling voice again, "what is the best for you, and as a return—my poor return, sir—for all you have done for me."

"There! there! we will not discuss that question over again. You can only show your gratitude," he said, "by speaking well of me."

"That I have always done."

"What!" he exclaimed, "when you thought I had killed poor Morris?"

"That did not matter to me," said Mrs. Chadderton, stolidly. "You might have thought it right to kill him, and you would have known so much better than any of us—"

"Good-night, Mrs. Chadderton," he said, dryly. "You will want a deal of improvement yet before you are quite fit for the highest society."

"Are you going to Spikins?"

"Yes. If he thinks I did it, he must not slip out of the world with that idea; and if he knows who did," he added, with a frown, "he shall tell me as well as Hester Brake."

He locked the will in a cupboard by the empty fire-place, and then strode out of the farm in search of the old man who had had no confidence in John Woodhatch, and so had preferred to trust a woman. A most remarkable man this Spikins, thought the farmer, as he went along his garden, and out of the front gate into the high-road, where he took the route which Greg and Hester Brake had taken a few nights ago. He walked very swiftly, being a tall man, prone to long strides when business was brisk or thought was deep with him, and here was one matter to be settled off-hand and at a high pressure.

When should he fairly understand human nature? he thought, as he marched on; when would human nature understand him or award him common justice? To think that this quiet housekeeper of his had set him down as a murderer, and had constituted it her duty in every way to screen him! To fancy "for even a moment" that old Spikins on his dying bed—by way of confession which might have its terrible weight with a skeptical world—should have raved out that the master of Farm Forlorn had killed his pupil out of spite. He was not quite sure what would be the result of that outcry, or how the meshes might close round him for all the light way in which he had treated it half an hour ago. But he could not think for long that Spikins and Miss Brake had him upon their minds. It was not likely, it was not natural; but it was necessary to know what this poor old dotard had upon his mind—the little mind which old age had left to him.

He reached the rough-hewn path leading into the darkness of the lower ground, and plunged into the shadows without a moment's thought and at the same quick pace. To his surprise there were figures flitting in the darkness, men and women chattering there as if it were midday, and trotting to and fro, a few of them.

"Mister Woodhatch—is that you, sir?" came an inquiry at last in the broad provincial accent; "ye have heard the news then, sir, a'ready?"

"What news?"

"He's gone at last, poor soul!"

"Spikins?"

"Yes, sir. He went off like the snuff of a candle," said the man in the dark, "all of a sudden like, just as Reuben was feeding him with a teaspoon and a-hollerin' at him for biting it. Well," was the remark, "he's had a good innings, and can't complain where he's a-gone to."

"No, he can not complain," said Woodhatch; then he walked to the last cottage, pushed open the door, and joined a group of sight-seers who were already there staring down at the still white figure in the bed—more dignified in death than it had ever been in life.

"He's gone, sir," said Fladge, who had been at the bed's foot, "and he won't want me ever again."

And without another word, and with a half-wistful, half-frightened look at the old master, who had scared him by his sudden presence there, Fladge attempted to walk past and drift into the night away from him.

But the strong hand of the master caught him by the wrist, and a voice less stern and hard than he had expected fell upon his ears.

"Stay, Fladge. I want you," said John Woodhatch.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VISITORS.

A few days after the death of Peter Spikins, whose sudden departure from this vale of tears was pronounced to be an especial "mercy," particularly by those retainers of John Woodhatch who had the privilege to attend to him, "turn and turn about"—Alexander Larcom and his daughter Lucy arrived at Farm Forlorn.

It was close upon five years since they had visited the place, but the farmer's perseverance—his pertinacity—had brought them once more within the farm-house walls. Lucy Brake had given way at last, and consented to accompany her father, although this had occurred probably not so much for John Woodhatch's sake as on account of a letter received from Hester Brake, asking her to come, and begging that she would not delay her visit, as she was anxious to make friends with her.

"Ours was not a happy first meeting, and I would make amends for it," Hester Brake wrote frankly, and thus disarmed her young sister-in-law at once. "After all, she is Morris's sister, and he would have been glad to see us friends," said Lucy to her father. "Let us go."

Before the week was out they were located at their old quarters; the ice was broken, and the new home circle at Farm Forlorn was quite complete. And the woman who one night had whispered to herself, "Not yet, I hope," when told by John Woodhatch of the possibility of Lucy's visit, was the first to welcome her, and appear very glad to see her.

"I was afraid you would never come, or that you would come too late," said Hester Brake.

"Too late—for what?"

"To understand me."

John Woodhatch shrugged his shoulders as he walked away. He had heard the salutation, and marvelled at it not a little.

"Of a surety, I shall never comprehend these women," he soliloquized as he crossed the fields after the interview. "What makes them such 'kittle cattle,' I wonder?"

Had he listened more, he would have had less to be perplexed at, for Hester Brake explained the position satisfactorily enough to Lucy, if after her eccentric fashion.

"I have so many things to talk to you about, and I may not have much time before me," she said; "see how thin that hand is."

She held it up toward the sun for her sister-in-law's inspection.

"I am not going to live very long," Hester added, "and, after all, it is better for me."

"You must not think that," said Lucy. "You are young still—comparatively."

"Compared with poor old Spikins who died last week—oh yes!" she said, sharply; "but then I have not the constitution of old Spikins. We Brakes die early."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, as though an arrow had struck her.

"I beg pardon; I talk at random," said Hester, hastily. "See what an inconsiderate woman I am, and always in the wrong. Where is Mr. Larcom?"

Lucy looked hard at her, remembering the past suspicions of her father, and Miss Brake said, more hastily still:

"I wish to ask his pardon for the one suspicion I have had of him. You know."

"Yes," answered Lucy; "I have not forgotten."

"I was in the wrong. And," she added, "I have never been backward in confessing my errors. Ask Kate Vanch—ask John Woodhatch, if I am."

"I am only too glad to take your own word for it," said Lucy, a new friend on the instant, and for the first time in her life she stooped and kissed Miss Brake in gratitude for the *amende honorable* which had been made to her. Then she tripped away with a brighter look upon her face, and went in search of Morice, who it need hardly be said was also a guest at Farm Forlorn, and who had already found out her old companion of the sands, Kitty Vanch, and was romping with her in all the exuberance of happy childhood.

Lucy felt her heart sink a little at the sight of them—as she had done by the sea-shore—for there was only this child to live for, she thought, in her morbid devotion to her, and what if it should happen that some day Morice should love some one better than herself, when Morice grew up even? Why, it would break her heart!

"You are fond of children, Miss Vanch," said Lucy, as she approached them. "I think you told me this when I first met you."

"Yes, I dare say I did," answered Kitty; "and this child would be so bright if she had more companions of her own age, probably."

"Morice does not want any more companions," said Lucy. "She is contented with her mother."

"Yes—of course; but then the mother should not be quite all in all—should she, Mrs. Brake?" said Kitty, thoughtfully; "for the mother might die, or be separated from her in some way, or—but there! I don't know, I can't say. I have no remembrance of a mother ever looking down upon me as you look at her."

"Poor girl!" and Lucy's hand stole out and touched Kate's in sympathy.

"And *your* mother, madam?"

"She died when I was a baby. I never saw her; I can not imagine what she was like," said Lucy.

Kate Vanch seemed strangely drawn to this beautiful, almost desolate, young woman. Indeed, there were many reasons why she should feel attracted by her, and was solicitous to gain her friendship—she had heard so much of Lucy Brake, and knew so much more than Lucy would have given her credit for knowing.

"I hope we may be friends, some day," said Kitty, frankly, "and that when Greg and I are married you will not keep entirely away from us."

"Would you care to see me then?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, indeed I would. I have thought I should like to be a humble but true friend of yours," said Kitty, "even before I had seen you; I used to think that."

"Indeed!" said Lucy, interested and astonished; "and how was that?"

"I had heard you were so pretty, and good, and clever."

"From Morris?" came the eager question now.

"Oh no! you were secretly married, and he did not mention you very often to his sister," said Kitty. "It was from Mr. Woodhatch, of course."

"Ah, yes, yes; I had forgotten John," said Lucy.

"Forgotten him!" cried Kitty.

"Did he speak of me so much, then, years ago?" asked Lucy, looking sadly on the ground.

"He spake of little else," said Kate, frankly; "and of course I knew—everybody knew."

"Mine has been a profitless life, and has troubled others a great deal," said Lucy, more coldly; "and you must not speak of this again."

"I beg your pardon if I have said anything to pain you."

"It is granted, and readily."

"I—I have a bad habit of speaking out, of saying what is in my thoughts," Kitty explained; "and your coming has made me more abrupt than usual in my speech. And perhaps I have not improved lately, as Greg is something like me in that way."

"Greg is frank, then?"

"He has not a secret from me in the world."

"That is very good of him. I admire perfect confidence."

"Part of this habit of speaking out we have both learned from the master. That is it, I suppose," said Kitty, after a moment's reflection: "he is our model, and we copy him."

"Does he teach you to talk in this way, and about himself?"

"Oh no," said Kitty, coloring; "but you—you do not mind my mentioning his name to you. You can not hate him, surely."

"I have a great respect for him. He is my father's friend and mine, and I should be glad to see him happy; and," she added, after a moment's pause, "that is all. Come, Morice dear, bid Miss Vanch good-by for the present."

"Dood-by," said Morice, holding up her rose-bud mouth to be kissed by her new friend; and then mother and child strolled away, and Kate Vanch stood looking after Lucy Brake.

"How pretty she is!" she murmured; "how young and fair, and unlike everybody else at Skegs Shore! Why did not my steady old faithful Greg fall in love with her, and forget me altogether? What would Kitty Vanch have done then, I wonder!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM A. SEAVER.

Mr. William A. Seaver, whose sudden death on the 7th instant was a surprise and shock to all his friends, was born near Batavia, New York, in 1815. His parents removed to that village while he was in his infancy, and there he was brought up and educated. His first venture of any importance was in connection with the Buffalo *Courier*, of which he was for several years the editor.

Mr. Seaver came to New York more than twenty years ago, and occupied himself with literary pursuits. He was at one time editor of a Church journal in this city, and correspondent for several newspapers in the South and West. In 1868 he was placed in charge of the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine, a position for which he was well qualified by his acquaintance with men, his position in society, and his rare aptitude as a *raconteur*. The "Drawer" is literally what the name implies. When this department was first projected, in the summer of 1851, the clippings and contributions intended for it were thrown into a drawer of a certain desk, and this circumstance suggested the name. The same method has been pursued ever since that time. The contributions for this department of the Magazine, which come from every part of the country, are still deposited in the drawer, whence the editor takes them and culls his selections. Many of the contributions are merely crude suggestions, and Mr. Seaver displayed fine tact in editing, condensing, or enlarging them. For many years Mr. Seaver also conducted the "Personal" departments in Harper's Bazar and Harper's Weekly, the latter until the last week of his life. On the Wednesday preceding his death his "copy" came to the office, written in his usual clear and remarkably neat hand, and the editor, glancing over the familiar MS., had little thought that it was the last he should receive from his long-time associate.

Mr. Seaver was for some years President of the Adriatic Fire-insurance Company, of this city, and was also a member of the New York bar. He belonged to the Union Club, where his presence was always welcome, for his genial social qualities and his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and story. He resided in a pleasant cottage at Mount Vernon, where he had gathered an extensive and well-selected library. The cause of his death was acute pneumonia.

A SLEIGH-RIDE IN NORWAY.

Dinner ended, and by the time the coffee and cigars have been consumed, in Norse fashion, with the ladies, the stars are already twinkling from the dark blue Northern sky. We hear the stamping and neighing of the horses as the sleighs are being brought round to the hall door. You finish your cigar—it is too cold to smoke out-of-doors—and get into your fur coat, made from the fell of a Norwegian wolf; top-boots lined with soft sheep-skin; fur gloves; and to crown it all, a bear-skin cap drawn over your ears; and you feel fit for a drive to the north pole.

You see that the ladies and children in the roomy family sleigh are well wrapped up in bear-skin and foot-bags; but your interest is concentrated more on your own "fare," the girl from whose eyes you last night in the dance drank those sweet but painful draughts of uncertain love, who now again trusts herself to your guiding arm, and this time to curb the capricious temper of a Norwegian sleigh-trotter. Carefully you embalm her in the light *spids slæde*, or point sleigh; you examine the wiry shafts and the harness with great care, stroke the arching neck of the animal, with an encouraging word, and take your seat on the perch behind. "Let him go, Gustaf." And you are off along the hard-trodden road with the speed of an avalanche, whilst the frosty air whistles around you, and makes the blood for a moment tingle in your cheeks, and you feel, through the rapid motion, a delight and internal exuberance of spirits, which is equally shared by the fair companion before you, as you speed through the glistening snow. How you bless the inventor of that vehicle, whose genius has created this pleasant little gondola of the snow for your individual benefit, in which you may be so near the object of your affection, watch every play of her capricious nature in her shadowed eyes, and inhale that sweet perfume so delicious and intoxicating to every lover! Yes, how many tales of true love have not been told in a Norwegian point sleigh, and treasured forever by the fair listener!

And what a scene, what an impressive atom of nature's creation you gaze on! High above you is the vaulted arch of the deep blue heavens, the color of which you will only see near the polar circle, and which is closely studded by innumerable silvery stars. There is the merry polar star right above you, round which the "Great Bear" walks his nightly beat, followed in solemn procession by the valiant Orion, who lifts his glistening glaive against the frontlet of the defiant Bull; while lo! just above the crowns of the pine-trees in the forest yonder a brilliant star arises, a visitor from a milder clime, not always seen in the Northern sky, the Dogstar, the vigilant Sirius of the Greeks; and across the heavens is cast a broad ribbon shining with myriads of invisible worlds, the Milky Way, along which the valorous Scandinavian *Kjemper*, the gallant warriors of the Saga, rode to Walhalla, the portals of which you saw encircled by the carved segment of the aurora borealis, whose fiery rays erratically flood the heavens with a thousand colors and fantastic shapes of liquid flame. And around you is the scenery of a Norwegian landscape, with its hills and dales bemantled in virgin snow, in which the distant mountains recline in bold relief on the dark background, which also invests the solemn pine-trees, under whose snow-laden crowns and boughs we are now sweeping, with a mysticism which makes us ponder on the innumerable tales of the goblin and the brownie in which old Norway abounds.

ORIGIN OF "PAUL PRY."

It has often been repeated that Paul Pry was drawn from a familiar figure of the time, the eccentric Tom Hill, editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.

Mr. John Poole, the author of the delightful comedy, expressly contradicts this in a little biographical sketch of himself which he addressed to one of the magazines of the period. "The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested," he says, "by the following anecdote, related to me several years ago by a beloved friend. An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors that she at length knew the sound of each particular knocker within hearing, and could tell to which house it belonged. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on outside, she stationed her maid at the window as her substitute for the performance of that task. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation; she became careless in her reports, impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. 'Betty, what *are* you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?' 'The first-floor lodger, ma'am.' 'Betty! Betty! I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 24?' 'Why, Lord, ma'am, it is only the baker with pies.' '*Pies!* Betty? What *can* they want with pies at No. 24? They had pies yesterday!' Of this very point I have availed myself. Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but of a class. Like the melancholy of Jacques, he 'is compounded of many simples,' and I could mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been so often though erroneously supposed to have been drawn after some particular person is perhaps complimentary to the general truth of the delineation. With respect to the play generally, I may say that it is original; it is original in structure, plot, character, and dialogue—such as they are. The only imitation I am aware of is to be found in part of the business in which Mrs. Subtle is engaged: whilst writing those scenes I had strongly in my recollection Collin d'Harleville's *Vieux Célibataire*. But even the little I have adopted is considerably altered and modified by the necessity of adapting it to the exigencies of a different plot."

METHODISM IN BROOKLYN.

Lord Macaulay said that he had seen a book purporting to be a history of England, that made no mention of John Wesley. Not only is religion, as one of the great forces moulding the fashion of society, to be taken into the account in estimating the condition of a community, but the character and relative influence of the several forms into which religion may shape itself are also to be considered. Especially is this necessary in a state of society like ours, in which all religions are alike unobstructed in the propagation of their views, and in the enforcement of their respective moral and social practices. Twelve thousand persons holding a positive form of belief, and professing to be governed by defined rules of moral conduct, distributed through the several departments of active life, must exert an appreciable influence upon the morals, education, trade, and politics of the community. The state of Methodism, therefore, is not a mere sentimental question, affecting only the devout sister who breathes out the fervor of her spirit in a class-

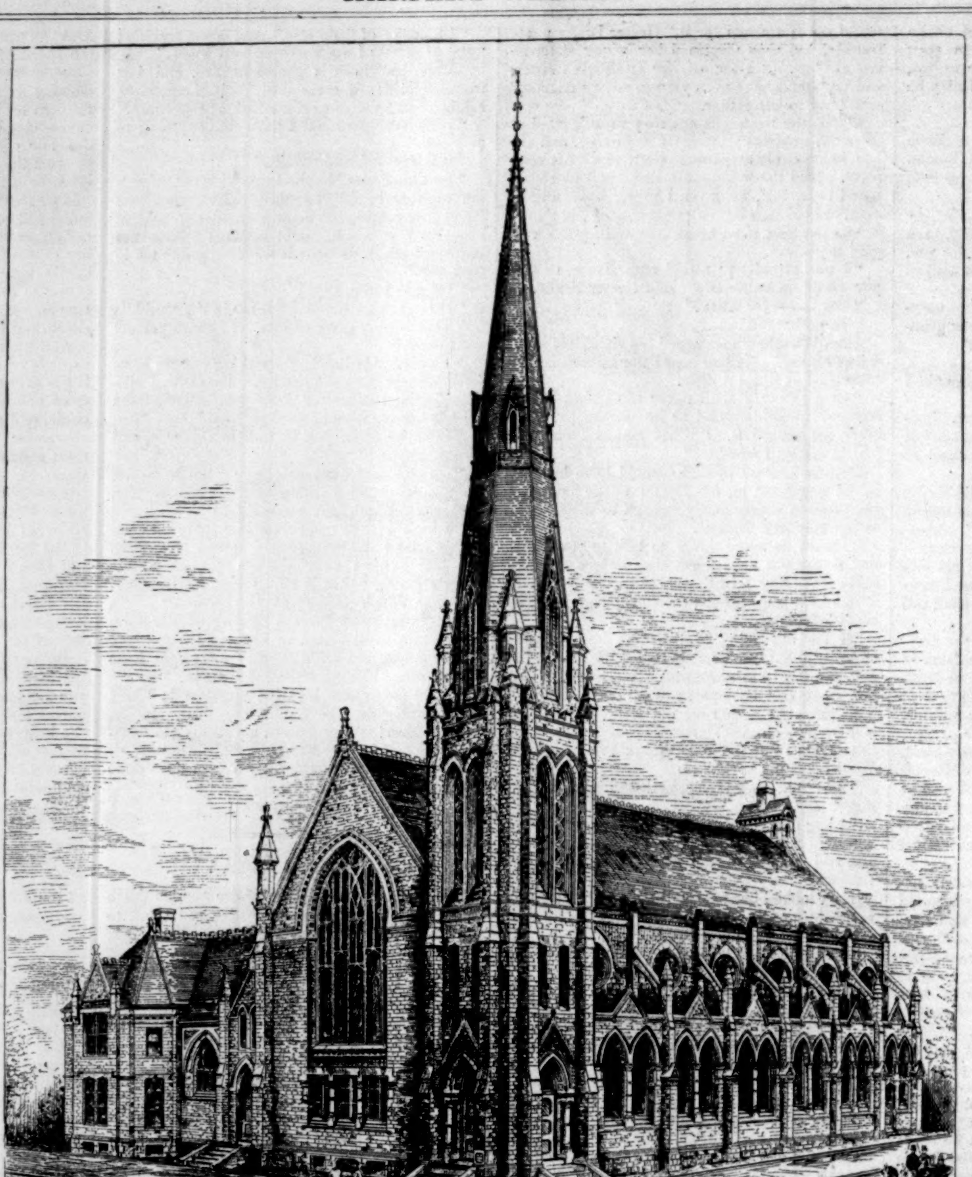
meeting, or the stalwart parson who thunders from his pulpit on the terrors of the Law, but is one of practical interest to the citizen, the philosopher, and the political economist.

There are now thirty-nine Methodist Episcopal churches in the city of Brooklyn. Of these nearly one-half have come into existence within the past twenty-five years. The increase of members in these churches has with remarkable uniformity kept pace with the general growth of the city. In 1857 the numbers were 4122, and in 1882, 11,799, being in each case about two per cent. of the entire population. The value of church property has increased at a greater ratio, being in 1857 a little more than one-third of one per cent. of the assessed value of the real estate of the city, while in 1882 it was a little more than one-half of one per cent., showing an increase of the value of church property, as related to the aggregated wealth of the city, of about fifty per cent. As related to the number of communicants the advance has been still greater, the increase of numbers in the twenty-five years being threefold, and the increase of property being fivefold, as the figures would show, but in so short an article we must deal sparingly with statistics. The contributions to the benevolent and religious institutions of the Church during the same period have advanced in proportion to the growth of numbers, but not in proportion to the growth of wealth. It must not, however, be forgotten that large sums have been contributed within the above-named period to the great educational and philanthropic institutions of the country. The thoughts of every reader of these words will at once revert to the distinguished citizen of Brooklyn whose princely munificence has spread his name throughout the entire land, and caused the heart of every Methodist to beat with pride and gratitude.

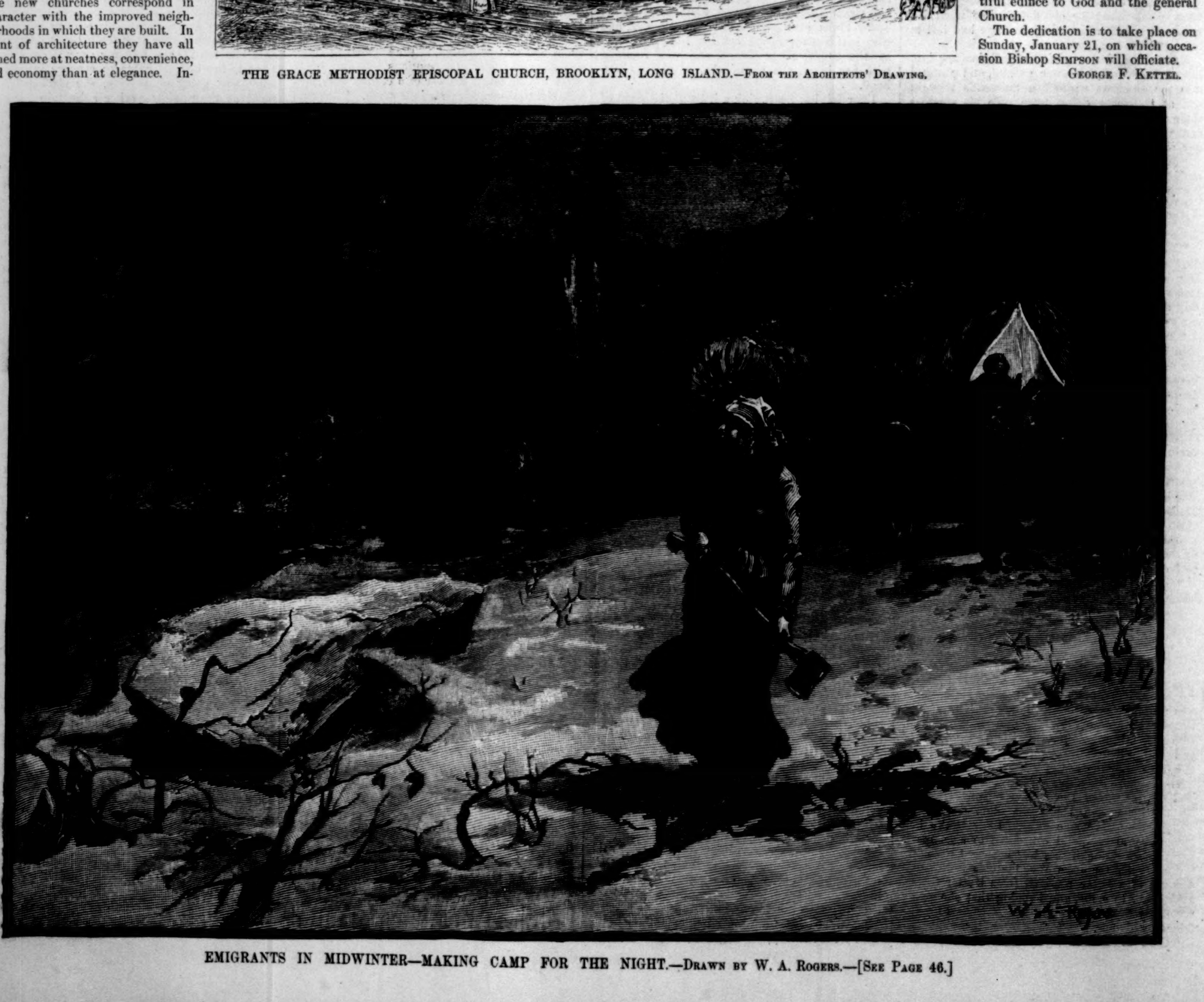
The territorial growth of Methodism has of course followed the current of the population, which, reversing the order of the star of empire, has held its way eastward instead of westward. The older churches still maintain their ground in the older parts of the city, laboring, under great discouragements, for the salvation of the poor and the ignorant. The new churches correspond in character with the improved neighborhoods in which they are built. In point of architecture they have all aimed more at neatness, convenience, and economy than at elegance. Indeed, the Summerfield Church, situated on Washington Avenue, and St. John's, in the Eastern District, were, until the erection of Grace Church, the only two having any pretensions to architectural beauty, St. John's being the larger, more imposing, and costly edifice, and more complete in the symmetry of its design. The Grace M. E. Church (an engraving of which accompanies this article), situated on Seventh Avenue and St. John's Place, though smaller than some others, is, we think, the most beautiful Methodist Episcopal church in Brooklyn. As described by the architects, Messrs. Parfitt Brothers: "It has one of the most ornate and richly carved exteriors of any church in New York or Brooklyn. The style is an admixture of thirteenth-century Gothic with just enough of the Florid to impart to it great richness of detail. The entire front walls are of stone from Martinsville, New Jersey. The trimmings, viz., the small columns and capitals, voussoirs, pinnacles, cornices, flying-buttresses, etc., are of terra cotta of both a light drab and rich brown color. . . . The general form of the interior is rectangular, with a central nave forty-eight feet wide, and two aisles each six feet wide, making the auditorium sixty by ninety feet, with accommodations for about six hundred full-size sittings." Adjoining the church, and fronting on Seventh Avenue, and forming part of the architectural structure, is the chapel and Sunday-school-room, built in the same style, and finished with the same degree of elegance. The whole is furnished with highly ornate cathedral-glass windows. Behind the pulpit is a fine organ, built by Hook & Hasting, of Boston. The entire cost of the church is about $70,000. The erection of this complete and beautiful edifice is highly creditable to the society that worship in it. They have passed through many vicissitudes since their organization in 1868, when the church was situated on Sterling Place, with a contemplated front on Seventh Avenue, and was known as the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church." But with the true heroism of faithful men, aided by the indefatigable exertions of their pastor, the Rev. George P. Mains, they have risen superior to adverse circumstances, and now present this beautiful edifice to God and the general Church.

The dedication is to take place on Sunday, January 21, on which occasion Bishop Simpson will officiate.

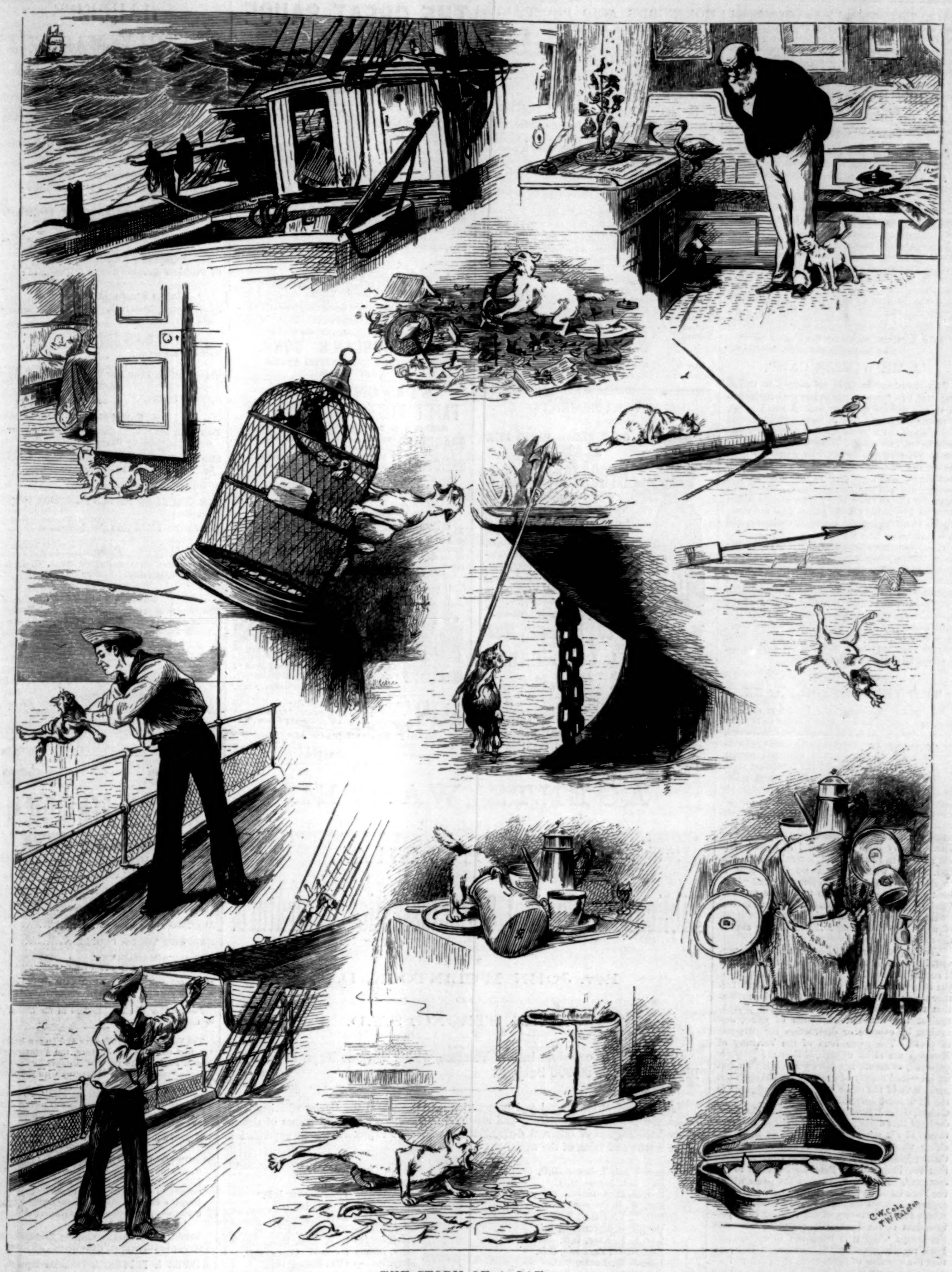
George F. Kettel.



THE GRACE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.—From the Architects' Drawing.



EMIGRANTS IN MIDWINTER—MAKING CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 46.]



THE STORY OF A CAT.

IT'S the same with cats as it is with sailors (remarked the mate). There's able cats, and ordinary cats, and first and second class kittens. Speaking of able cats, the one we picked up when I was second mate of the *H. T. Clifford* just laid over any cat that you can read of in the Scriptures or elsewhere.

We found him aboard a derelict bark in about the latitude of Rye-oh, we being homeward bound from 'Frisco at the time. The bark was the *Richard Pendleton*, and the captain he gave the same name to the cat. The men who boarded the derelict found the cat sitting on the harness-cask as comfortable as you choose. He yawned when he saw the men, as much as to say, "You've been a precious long time a-rescuing of me," and then he smiled and showed all his teeth, just to let 'em know that he didn't bear no malice, and went aboard the boat and came off to the *Clifford* as dignified as a commodore.

Our doctor—the medical chap, I mean—took a fancy to the cat immediately. Richard went up to him and purred round him as if he wanted medicine the worst way, and had perfect confidence in the doctor, and wouldn't have any other medical chap at any price. So the doctor puts Richard in his state-room, where he kept a big collection of all sorts of stuffed vermin—birds and rats and such. Didn't Richard have a lovely time with those specimens, though! When the doctor came back after leaving the cat alone for half an hour he couldn't have told his collection from a cart-load of old bones and feathers. Richard came flying out of that state-room as if he had an important engagement on a back fence, and could wait on no account whatever.

Next the cat tackled the captain's parrot, that hung in a cage in the cabin. He thought he was going to have a first-class dinner of roast parrot, but he changed his mind when the parrot tackled him, and making fast to his fore-leg, hauled in on it as if he was boarding the fore-tack. I said he was an able cat, and you'd have said so if you could have heard him yell and swear. The steward came in and rescued of him just as his fore-leg was fetching loose from the socket.

As soon as he was loose, away the cat goes forward, and presently he sees a gull on the flying-jib-boom. He wasn't a bit discouraged by the parrot, and felt he was able to fetch that gull without more than half trying. So he crept out on the flying-jib-boom, and just as he jumps for the gull the gull flies off, and Richard Pendleton goes overboard like a shot.

It was pretty near a dead calm, and as the cat drifted slowly aft one of the men gets a boat-hook and fishes him up about the time he comes abreast of the rudder. The man wrings him out, for there was about a bucketful of water soaked into him, and then chucks him on the top of the quarter-deck awning to dry.

Richard didn't stay there long. He heard somebody making a remark about tea, and he roused himself and went below to see

about it. The steward had just set the table, and there was a jug of milk on it. The cat jams his head into that jug, and when he found he couldn't get his head out again he just capsizes the jug, catches hold of the table-cloth, and pulls everything on to the floor, calculating rightly that the jug would smash and let his head out. When the steward rushed in to see what was the matter he didn't find much cat, for Richard had stowed himself away inside of the captain's particular Stilton cheese, and only the end of his tail was visible.

They found him that night asleep in the box where a passenger that we had, who was consul to some outlandish port, kept his cocked hat. There was a good deal of milk and preserves and manevelins generally sticking to that cat, and perhaps that was the reason the consul would have hove him overboard if the captain hadn't stopped him.

That was only one day's duty that Richard did aboard that ship, but it was a fair sample of his every-day work. Why didn't we heave him overboard? Why, sir, I thought you, being an intelligent man, knew that killing a cat is like praying for the worst kind of luck, and being absolutely certain that you'll get it. If we'd hove that there cat overboard, the probability is that the *H. T. Clifford* would never have come to port again.

A MIDWINTER CAMP.

The hardships endured by emigrants travelling over the Western plains are well represented in the picture on page 44. A small party, apparently a single family, have arrived just at night-fall at the edge of a wood, where they will encamp until morning. While the father breaks the ice on a stream or pond to water the tired horses, the mother collects wood with which to cook supper and keep the "living" wagon warm through the cold and gloomy night. Happy will they be if one of those heavy snow-storms which occur so frequently on the plains does not overwhelm them during the hours of darkness, and turn their camp into a tomb.

It has sometimes happened, especially in earlier years, that a party travelling over the plains in spring, soon after the snow had melted away, have come across the evidences of just such a tragedy—a wagon containing the dead bodies of some family, and close to it the remains of the faithful team that had borne them on their way until overtaken by the storm that buried them. They may have perished without realizing their fate, or they may have suffered for days in the hopeless struggle with the elements.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Mr. Schuyler Crosby, the Governor of Montana, has written an interesting letter to Senator Vest, a member of the Committee on Territories, concerning the Yellowstone Park. This reservation consists of nearly four thousand square miles, and contains some of the sublimest scenery in America. The same causes which make its scenery sublime, and have thus far rendered it a safe refuge for the great game which has almost disappeared from the plains, make it almost useless for any other purpose than that of a national park, for which it has been wisely reserved. There is very little arable land in it, and if it were left open to settlement, it would not be settled. What would happen would be that it would be overrun by "skin-hunters" and "bag-hunters," whose only aim is to kill the greatest head of game in the shortest time, and who would in a few years exterminate the great game of which the Yellowstone region is now almost the only asylum.

That is precisely what Congress meant to prevent in reserving the region as a park, and that, it seems, is what is likely to happen in spite of the reservation, unless Congress takes some further action. The act reserving the Park provides that the Secretary of the Interior shall provide against the wanton destruction of game, and against its capture or destruction for purposes of profit. The game laws of the Territory of Montana are strict enough, if they are properly enforced, to secure not merely a continuing, but an increased supply of great game, although the game laws of the other Territories contiguous to the Park leave something to be desired. Nevertheless, General Sheridan, in his report for 1882, declares that during last winter not less than two thousand elk were slaughtered within the Park, either wantonly or for their skins. Governor Crosby joins General Sheridan in recommending that the limits of the Park be extended to the eastward. He also urges that the game within the Park itself be protected absolutely. He also suggests that an engineer officer be detached to report to the Secretary of the Interior or Superintendent of the Park, with power to call upon the troops when it is necessary to enforce the Park regulations. By these means it is hoped that the overflow of game from the Park will secure a constant supply to the sportsmen of the adjacent Territories.

All this seems very sensible. On the other hand, a company of speculators has been formed, which has applied to Congress for a lease of the whole domain. The object of these persons is, of course, to make the largest possible amount of money out of the Park in the shortest possible time. That object is altogether inconsistent with the purpose of preserving the Park as a public pleasure-ground for us and for posterity, which animated Congress in reserving it from settlement. The lease would be sure to result in spoliations and desecrations from the effect of which the Park would never recover. The application of the speculators ought not to be considered for a moment. How would our citizens like to witness in the National Park such a scene as the one depicted by Mr. Rogers on the opposite page?

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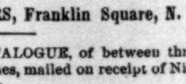

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DESECRATION OF OUR NATIONAL PARKS.

A scene that may be witnessed if the Yellowstone Park is leased to speculators.—[See Page 46.]

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